

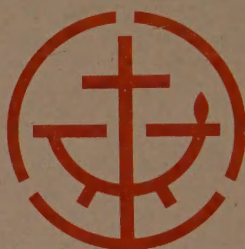
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IN MEMORIAM.

REV. WILLIAM PENN ABBOTT, D.D.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."

BY

REV. ELIAS S. OSBON, A.M.

(PRINTED FOR THE FAMILY.)

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RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

REMAINS:—

SERMONS.

LECTURE.

WYOMING CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.

IN MEMORIAM.

THIS volume aims to be little more than a loving tribute to a cherished friend. Its inspiration is in a conviction of the fitness of memorials of good men. This is felt to be especially true of the subject of this sketch. Although he was not permitted to round out the threescore years and ten that ordinarily limit human activity, he had exerted so wide an influence, had molded so much thought in so wide a sphere, had enlivened and brightened so many homes, had won so many souls to Jesus Christ, and had given such an exalted idea of what grace can add to a noble manhood, that among his friends, at least, it is felt that there should be preserved such facts and incidents as may serve to keep alive in their memory both the man and his work.

It is folly to attempt to discuss or explain the providence which summons a laborer to depart hence in the brilliant dawn of a career promising still wider and more lengthened usefulness. As a devoted friend has said concerning his death, "There is no greater mystery of Providence than the loss of such a man." Even the darkest things, however, God has explanations for; and it is only necessary to be let into his views and designs, as when we are made capable of being we certainly shall, to see a transcendent wisdom and beauty in them all. Until then we must wait.

The subject of this sketch, William Penn Abbott, D. D., was born at Plains, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the thirty-first

day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-eight. He was the eldest of three brothers, sons of Stephen F. and Charlotte M. Abbott. In his ancestry and social relationships he found an incitement to a noble manhood. His paternal great-grandfather was killed by the Indians while defending his home in the famed Wyoming Valley. His maternal grandfather, Hon. Charles Miner, was the historian of Wyoming. His cousin, Mrs. Anna Wentworth, was one of the earliest Methodist missionaries to China, and sleeps in the missionary cemetery.

The family home was in that beautiful valley which he so eloquently described in his oration at the celebration of the Massacre at Wyoming. "Here rise a line of villages from Exeter, still keeping watch and ward over the northern entrance to Pittston, divided by the stream, on one side lovely as a poet's dream, and on the other bearing marks of industry and rich reward; next comes Wyoming and old Forty Fort, the theater of the awful tragedy we now commemorate; and Plainsville, the home of men whose names and deeds add luster to our history; then Parsons, named for one whose veins were charged with the purest blood of cultured Whiton; and Kingston, who sent her noblest sons and noblest sires to do and die for liberty, now graced by the noble Seminary, founded by that classic herald of the Cross, honored Reuben Nelson, an institution bearing the valley name, and from whose halls such men have come as gallant Harry Hoyt; . . . and Plymouth next, who by the talent of her offspring now graces the legislative halls of Harrisburgh and Washington; while Nanticoke still watches Southern Pass. In the midst of all a beauteous queen arises; her throne is one of splendor; her robes, of gold and purple, are from the

loom where industry and love both weave ; her crown is set with gems, not plucked from others by war's rude hand, but from her own deep mines they come, polished by subterranean lapidaries in the dense darkness of her hills. Beneath her sceptered hand no sullen subject toils, but cheerful vassals sing and serve. Her offspring are of classic taste and manly courage, and of hospitality unbounded. In all her disposition we see the heroism of brave Wilkes, combined with the generous nobility of esthetic Barre. Thrilled with admiration for her worth, we bow down and worship with the prayer that, while over her the blue sky scatters sunshine and distills the dew, while streamlets murmur down her wood-capped mountains, and sparkling Susquehanna lingers at her feet, and her founder's deeds are an inspiration both to acts of charity and deeds of valor, Wilkesbarre may shine on, Wyoming's queen, the empress of this lovely vale."

The house was about one mile from the present city limits of Wilkesbarre, and about one mile east of the Susquehanna, upon whose fertile flatlands many a day the three brothers, side by side, cultivated the growing corn or together carried the ripened sheaves of grain. In a letter to his brother Asher, written at Newburgh, in May, 1869, he says: "This is a lovely day. The sun shines here hotly enough. My mind has to-day run back to the years when you and Steve and I used to be at work on the flats, planting corn, barefooted, and with our torn straw hats shading a little our bronzed and healthy cheeks. Now we are scattered. Those we loved so dearly then are sleeping in the valley of death, while hundreds of miles intervene between us brothers." It is worthy of notice that in all his after years and in the height of his prosperity

and honor he never forgot that he was the farmer boy. Only a short time before his death a member of the Wyoming Conference wrote, asking him to perform some special services for his Church, and inquiring as to his terms. His answer was, "I will come in consideration of services rendered me by you and your wife when I was little and unknown."

As a boy he was remarkably enthusiastic, doing with his might what his hand found to do. It was not unusual for him to labor beyond his strength, frequently doing a day's work in a few hours. Even at that early age he developed a wonderful strength of affection and tenderness. One of his brothers relates that, when in the midst of their boyish sports some accident befell one of them, Will would throw his great loving arms around the sufferer, pressing him to his heart and comforting him, like a great girl; and in that brother's later life, as he has tasted of sorrow and disappointment, he has had the consolation growing out of the assurance of Will's old-time sympathy and love.

Hon. Joseph J. Lewis, of West Chester, gives the following picture of his nephew, William, as he appeared to his eyes at that early period. As the letter is of such interest the liberty is taken of inserting it at length:—

After the father of the late Dr. Wm. P. Abbott died, his mother removed from the neighborhood of Wilkesbarre to West Chester. She was a sister of my wife, and her children and her sister were as intimate as members of the same family. He was as much at home in my house as at his mother's. In the last interview I had with him, which occurred in Philadelphia, I invited him to come home with me and see again the old house in which he used to romp and play with his cousins. He replied that he should dearly love to do so, "For," said he, "there is not a nook or corner in it that I am not familiar with, and nothing would please me

better than to revive my recollections of 'auld lang syne' by a visit to your place." I cannot now state the date of his living in West Chester or the length of his stay; but I well remember his frank and manly bearing, his kindly good humor, his quickness of apprehension, his readiness in repartee, his fluency of speech, his high hilarity and joyousness, and his love of frolic and fun. He was, in truth, a little wild, was fond of boon companionship, and in sleighing times would occasionally stay out the live-long night when there was merry-making going on. But his love of pleasure, which came probably from his exuberant spirits, never led him, as far as I ever heard, into positive vices. He preserved his moral character without a stain, though his pious mother was not a little anxious lest he would get beyond the reach of her influence, and fall into courses that might be injurious to him. Her apprehensions, perhaps, were not unreasonable, yet she could not help observing that with all his fondness for sport he was docile and loving and had no taste for what was low or mean. Among his playmates he was uniformly a leader and highly popular, would not quarrel himself, and was a reconciler of the quarrels of others. In short, he was a most agreeable young fellow, whom no one could help liking, and, although smart, as every body admitted him to be, it was not supposed that he would ever make a figure in the world. At the period of which I speak he was a pupil in one of our schools, and, if I recollect aright, the reputation he had in his class was that of rather a careless sort of a student, who kept his place without difficulty, but was capable of doing much better than he did.

A few weeks before his last sickness, in speaking of this period of his life, he remarked that he was obliged to make up in after years the loss that he suffered by his want of application at school, by increased diligence in the midst of serious occupations. He did not study law with me, nor, so far as I know, with any one, although I learned from him that he read after he entered the ministry, as I understood him, Blackstone's Commentaries, with close attention, in order to make himself master of the fundamental principles of jurisprudence.

He was considerably under age when he left West Chester, and I knew little of him for some years. When I was at Washington as Commissioner of Internal Revenue in 1863, he called several times to see me, and I went

once to hear him preach at the Foundry Church, which I was accustomed to attend in that city. Knowing what a careless, rollicking youth he had been, I did not expect to hear much of a sermon; but I did hear nevertheless a very capital sermon, admirably delivered. I was surprised and delighted. The text was well handled, the style of composition was excellent, even polished and scholarly, and there was a grace of manner and easy flow of language attained by few speakers. After that I was not surprised to hear of his great success as a preacher. I would, indeed, have been surprised if I had heard anything else of him, for he had every quality of character that could give effect to his utterances."

Mrs. Abbott, William's mother, is spoken of by all who knew her as a woman of rare loveliness of character, singularly mild in disposition, artless in manner, intelligent, tender-hearted, and devoted to religion. She was warmly attached to her children, but seems to have been especially devoted to Will, possibly because of the wayward tendencies to which Mr. Lewis alludes, possibly because of his warm and emotional nature which was so like her own, and also because of the unmistakable evidences of promise she seems to have discovered in him. She lost no opportunity of making lasting impressions for good upon her sons, and in prejudicing them in every possible way against the wrong. She provided innocent games for their home-sport, and endeavored to hold them apart from those associations which prove so disastrous to growing boys. By special efforts she cultivated Will's tastes for substantial reading, and awakened in him an interest in history and the higher order of historical fiction popular in that day. She also invited the young people of the neighborhood to meet once or twice a week at her house, when the evenings were spent in reading, by turns, some good book. But above all Mrs. Abbott yearned to see him converted. She mourned

over him with a tender pathos, "O Willie, my son, my son, how I long to see you converted!"

Mr. Abbott, the father, while not a professed Christian, was yet a man of large heart, of refined tastes, of industrious habits, and of a high sense of personal honor; and although not what he knew he ought to be in some respects, it is the testimony of his friends that he sought by every means to impress upon his boys the lessons of sobriety, personal honor and honesty, and even of religion.

William's grandmother Abbott, in whose house he was born, and within a few rods of whose home he lived until her death, loved him dearly, and joined with his mother in deeply impressing his mind with religious truth as she showed him the plates in the old family Bible, and filled his memory and kindled his imagination by the recital of Bible stories. Like many another Timothy, he could not forget the faith that dwelt first in his grandmother and then in his mother. From a child he knew the Holy Scriptures.

Mrs. Abbott died when her son Will was about twenty years of age. A relative writes, "In the last interview I had with her, a short time before her death, she said to me, 'I shall never see you again, but I want you to remember my dear boy, Willie. Pray for him and help him all you can. I am so glad to say that I have a presentiment, which gives much rest to my poor, heretofore anxious heart, that Willie will be converted and become a good, useful minister.'" How fully and gloriously her prediction has been fulfilled is now a matter of history. She, indeed, was not to live to see it, but accomplished it was. For a time, however, it was delayed and seemed very unlikely to be realized. The restrictions that had been gently but

firmly insisted upon were gradually thrown off as he approached manhood. He fell into the company of older persons, and was led in some instances into dissipations, but the warning voice and words of counsel of his mother had too large a place in his heart to permit his wandering far away in sin. Indeed, it is doubtful if he was for any length of time without a decided conviction of his duty toward his God. An infidel he never was, nor even a skeptic. Rev. Henry Wheeler, in a memorial discourse, says, "In my diary of 1857 I find his name recorded as one of my Bible class, and I remember him as one of the brightest Bible scholars. He used to talk with my wife in all the frankness of his nature, and say, 'I know I ought to be a Christian, and I intend to be: I am only waiting.'"

During this period he was providentially brought under the influence of the family of Rev. William Wyatt by means of an affection he had formed for Miss Lizzie Wyatt, who subsequently became his wife, and for fourteen years shared the trials and triumphs of his Christian and ministerial life. Too much cannot be said in praise of that influence. It was at once Christian and elevating. Mr. Wyatt and his wife ardently longed and prayed for his conversion: it was their theme in the closet and at the family altar; they enlisted also the sympathy and co-operation of their religious friends. Unconsciously to himself for a time he became the center of an interest that was the occasion at last of the entire reformation of his life and plans of life.

His conversion occurred in the summer of 1859, at what was called the Bethany Camp-meeting, held in Wayne County, Pa. At a meeting held a week or two previously, which he had attended, he had been deeply wrought upon, but had suppressed

his convictions ; but at the second meeting, which was one of remarkable power, and at which an uncommon interest had centered in him on account of Mr. Wyatt's anxiety for him, and after a day of fasting and prayer for his salvation on the part of Mrs. Wyatt and two other devoted women who plead the promises and exhorted the young man to flee from the wrath to come, William yielded to his convictions, and, utterly broken in spirit, cast himself upon Jesus Christ and was saved. His conversion was clear and definite ; he was filled with the peace of the Gospel, and gave his testimony as to its power with that fullness of emotion so characteristic of him in all his subsequent years. His cry was, " Oh, that my mother could know this ! " It is just that due recognition should be made of the influence of Mr. Wyatt, himself now entered into the better world, in keeping William under the power of the Gospel, in developing his early spiritual life, and in fostering the call of God which the young man felt in his own soul.

From the opening of his religious life William seems to have recognized his call to preach, but shrank from it. His literary qualifications he felt to be limited. He had been trained, as we have seen, in the home with scrupulous care by his mother until his twelfth year. During his brief residence in West Chester he attended an academy. For a brief period he had been under the tuition of the prince of instructors, the late Reuben Nelson, D.D., at Kingston, Pa. With a constitutional mistrust of his own powers which followed him all through his ministry, he shrank from the responsibilities of the sacred office. But Mr. Wyatt saw what was in him, and heard the echo of God's call to the young man, and urged him on. By his persistent efforts, and even before William's term of

probation had expired, he had forced upon him a license to preach, and given him, in 1860, employment under himself as Presiding Elder. While some were startled by these proceedings, and were doubtful as to the wisdom of Mr. Wyatt's course, others saw in the young preacher one of more than ordinary promise. A neighboring paper speaks of him as follows: "We listened, on Sunday evening last, to an eloquent sermon delivered in the M. E. Church by our young friend, Rev. W. P. Abbott. As one of our neighboring boys it afforded us a sincere pleasure to note the triumphs of genius evinced by one who with so brief a training promises so useful a future. Mr. Abbott is familiarly known here as one of the farmer boys from the Plains, and in his new vocation as a minister of the Gospel we predict for him a successful career." This seems to have been the current opinion respecting his abilities and prospects.

Even at this early date he had frequent seasons of that great depression, so familiar to his intimate friends, of his later years. Rev. Henry Wheeler, above referred to, says:

"I was cognizant of some of his early struggles; he could not stand defeat. He sometimes suffered from what he deemed a failure in his pulpit efforts, and such occasions caused him intense pain. Tears flowed freely; he wrestled with God in prayer, and his soul was not satisfied until conscious power was felt in the pulpit and the pews. He used to seek our home as an asylum in times of discouragement and grief, and we would cheer and encourage him until his hope again plumed its wings, and his faith took a firmer grasp on Christ. On one occasion he filled my pulpit in Waymart, while I attended a quarterly meeting for his father-in-law. In the morning he had a hard time, and preached without unction or power. His soul seemed crushed by it, and he was sorely tempted. He came to the house and said he could not preach again, that he had mistaken his call, and would not go to the afternoon appointment. He could not eat, but spent the time in tearful, earnest prayer. Mrs. Wheeler com-

forted, and encouraged him ; he went to the afternoon appointment and God baptized his soul wonderfully. The sermon was a striking manifestation of eloquence and spiritual power, and is spoken of by the people to this day."

On the third day of January, 1860, he was married to Miss Lizzie Wyatt. When he became convinced of his call and duty to preach the Gospel, his wife freely acquiesced and entered with zeal and enthusiasm into his plans, fully resolved to aid him to the utmost of her power, which she did until her sudden and sad death, in November, 1874.

For two years Mr. Abbott was engaged as a supply under the Presiding Elder. During a part of the year 1860 he served the Oregon Circuit in the Wyoming Conference in connection with Rev. L. C. Phillips. In the following year he was employed on the South Canaan Circuit. In the year 1862 he served the Broome Circuit, in the suburbs of the city of Binghamton. In each of these charges God honored his youthful servant with marked revivals of religion, and thus set the divine seal to his ministry. On the latter circuit a little band converted through his instrumentality resolved amidst some formidable opposition to erect a church edifice which should meet the wants of the people, and at the same time be an ornament to the valley in which they were to locate it. By means of toil and sacrifice, and in the face of intimations of their inability and certain defeat, with a valor which faltered not at difficulties, they executed their undertaking, and named the Church in their charter the Abbott M. E. Church.

In the year 1863 the name of William P. Abbott first appears in the minutes of Wyoming Conference, as having been received on trial and as preacher in charge of Broome

Circuit. At the close of his labors on this charge a series of highly complimentary resolutions was passed, and the following from the Secretary of the Quarterly Conference appeared in the Northern Christian Advocate: "Under the labors of Rev. W. P. Abbott our circuit has been greatly improved, souls have been converted and gathered into the Church, and believers have been greatly strengthened and comforted. So high is our estimate of this young man that were it consistent with the economy of the Church we should put in a strong plea for his return to us the third year. This much and more I am warranted to say by the resolution of our Quarterly Conference."

In the two following years he was stationed at Spencer, to which, in the second year, Candor was united. These were years of immense labor, both in the study and in the work of the pastorate. His conference studies were pursued with a zeal that give evidence of his purpose to attain the highest rank in his class, and qualify him for the largest usefulness as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. An intimate friend of those days says that he stood at the head of his class, that he would recite page after page of Watson's Institutes, and show a clear understanding of the most involved parts.

In a communication made to one of the Church papers at the close of his first year at Spencer, he tells how successful it has been, and of the disposition of the people toward him. He says:

"Last Saturday and Sabbath were the days of our Fourth Quarterly Meeting on the Spencer Charge, and as the conference year is drawing to a close, I thought I would give you a brief history of our prosperity. God has been with us throughout the year, and over eighty have been, we trust, soundly

converted to Him and are now happy in His pardoning love. Over fifty have joined the Church, among them men and women who, if faithful, would honor any Church throughout the world. The people have been unusually kind to us. On our arrival, after Conference, they made us a splendid surprise, leaving us with a house well stored with provisions and a handsome sum of money; and all through the year we have felt that truly 'our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places.' Two or three weeks ago they made us a donation of three hundred dollars in cash, and not one dollar of it is to be applied as quarterage. . . . We hope to be able to bring up all our collections, and report Spencer number one this year. May the Lord pour out His Spirit upon this truly kind people in a more powerful manner than ever before, and make them noted for piety and zealous of good works, is the humble prayer of their pastor."

Writing again the following year, under date of November 23, 1865, he says :

"The Lord has been graciously reviving His work upon this station during a series of meetings held nightly for six weeks past. One hundred and forty have professed conversion : of these, eighty-five have joined the M. E. Church on probation, and besides these we have received, from our own and other Churches, fifteen by letter, making one hundred who have joined the Church since Conference. To God belongs all the glory! Last night the kind friends of Candor presented us with a splendid sum of money, two hundred and sixty dollars, besides many other valuable presents. That God will reward this noble, generous-hearted Church and congregation a hundred-fold in this life, and in the world to come with a seat at His right hand, is the prayer of their unworthy pastor."

A man whose ministry the great Head of the Church honored so steadily and uniformly could not long be hid. The fame of his work and its marvelous results had reached into the regions beyond, so that months before the close of the conference year a strong delegation from Albany had urged him to become the pastor of Ash-Grove, one of the most beautiful Churches

not only in that city, but in the Methodist connection. At the request of that Church, in the spring of 1866, he was transferred to the Troy Conference, and stationed at Ash-Grove in Albany.

From the first Sabbath that beautiful and commodious edifice was densely crowded, and his popularity almost without a parallel. All classes were attracted by the eloquence and unction of his sermons, among them the Governor of the State and numbers of the State officials. The depth of his piety and the strength of his good sense are manifest in the fact that his head and heart were not turned from the simple work of the Christian minister. Although preaching on every occasion to crowded houses, and invited in every direction to assist in special services of an important character, he still retained the simplicity of his young religious life, and won all hearts by the unaffected warmth and glow of his good and pure feeling. That his work was not merely superficial is seen in the facts embodied in the following communication, which he addressed to the Northern Christian Advocate, under date of April 26, 1867.

"One year ago Bishop Thomson transferred us from the Wyoming Conference to the Troy Conference, and we were stationed at the Ash-Grove Church in this city. The church derives its name from the grove of ash-trees in which it is situated, and is one of the finest structures we ever saw. Dr. S. Y. Monroe, while visiting here a short time before his decease, complimented the trustees by saying that he thought it the most beautiful church property in the Methodist connection. It was planned and built mainly through the instrumentality of the late Captain Thomas Schuyler, of precious memory, and will ever stand as a lasting monument in honor of his name.

"We entered upon our work with great fear and trembling, and though the

year past has been one of great toil, yet it has been one of great triumph. In September last our beloved Brother Schuyler was suddenly called to his reward. He was the most wealthy of all our members, and a most judicious adviser. While we had others who were noble-hearted, we all looked to Brother Schuyler as our leader. His death was a terrible blow to the interests of the Church. But the balance of the official board, under the leadership of Brothers Robinson, Hopkins, Gascoigne, Watson, and others, rallied to the support of Ash-Grove with a determination that put to flight every fear in regard to her future success. The heavy mortgage of twenty-eight thousand dollars that was resting upon us was speedily removed. Some of the noble-hearted outsiders came to our relief: among them I take pleasure in mentioning His Excellency Governor Fenton, John A. Goewey, Captain Samuel Schuyler and others; and now at the end of the year we are able to say, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' During the year over one hundred have been converted and added to the Church, many of them men of wealth and influence; and our collections have all been nobly brought up."

Each year during his residence in Albany the public interest in him and his work deepened. The people took him to their hearts as a brother beloved in the Lord; immense throngs hung upon his lips; all the interests of the cause flourished; scarcely a week passed but at some of the social meetings souls were led to Christ, and each winter the efforts of the Church for the conversion of men were intensified and resulted in powerful and fruitful revivals of religion. So deep and strong was his attachment to the Ash-Grove people that after his removal from them he never could speak of his pastorate among them but with the deepest emotion. They were loth to give him up. Strong efforts were made to retain him in Albany as the close of his pastoral term drew near. A writer in the Albany Evening Times said:

"We think we speak the truth when we say that the relations between

pastor and congregation have never been more happy, and the tie thus formed never harder to sever than in this case. During the whole time that Mr. Abbott has 'ministered unto this people in holy things' not a ruffle has occurred to disturb the successful fulfillment of the great mission to which he has been called. And now, as he is about to leave, he can look back over the time spent in laboring in this portion of the vineyard, and feel that in the great day of reckoning he will come bringing many, very many 'precious sheaves' with him as the fruit of his ministry in Ash-Grove Church. Although his relations as pastor of this Church must shortly cease, it is by no means certain that this city will entirely lose the benefit of his labors. A movement is on foot to unite two of the Methodist societies in town, and, by placing Mr. Abbott at the head, to make a large and flourishing society, and eventually erect a church edifice that shall not be a whit behind any that now adorn our city. The matter has been taken into prayerful consideration by Mr. Abbott, and it is sincerely hoped that he will see his way clear to remain in this city for another pastoral term at least. In this wish we are joined not only by those of his own denomination, but by the multitudes in other Churches who love and esteem him so highly."

These words were not the mere laudations of interested friends, but were expressive, as the writer says, of the current feeling of the best elements of society in Albany. Another Albany paper of about the same date says, at the close of one of its editorials, "Mr. Abbott has made such an excellent impression at Ash-Grove Church, and is laboring with so much success, that we must still hope that the efforts made to retain him will be crowned with success." And still another says, "In the departure of Rev. Mr. Abbott, Albany loses a gentleman whose eloquence has shed luster on the pulpit of the city. His farewell sermon will draw to the Ash-Grove Church the largest congregation ever seen in that beautiful edifice."

His people showered upon their young pastor every mark

of attention ; they presented him with beautiful gifts, a gold chronometer watch with its accompanying chain, hundreds of dollars in money, besides numerous other articles of less intrinsic worth, but of great value to him as expressive of the warm affection in which they held him. His own feeling toward them is very feelingly set forth in a letter addressed to Dr. Lore, dated Feb. 13, 1869 :

“ The last year of my stay with this noble people has come nearly to an end. ‘ The time of my departure is at hand ; ’ but before I bid them farewell, I want to give you a short account of my stay among them, and of what God has wrought in our midst. During the three years the debt upon our noble edifice has been reduced from twenty-eight thousand to three thousand dollars, and a good portion of the remainder is provided for. We found upon our arrival here two hundred and eighty-three members, with some probationers. We have now something over five hundred, and had death not visited our ranks nor any removed by certificate (for by deaths and removals we have lost one hundred and eighty) we would to-day number over seven hundred members. God has been with us from the beginning ; our collections have steadily increased, and the sunshine of prosperity, spiritual and temporal, has shone in steadily upon us. This Church enjoys a constant revival, some being converted at almost every meeting during the week. Union, harmony, and love prevail here to a greater extent than we have ever witnessed before anywhere. It would do you good to look in upon us in our official meetings. . . . A remark made to me by our Presiding Elder, after our last Quarterly Conference, will show you how they are loved and how mighty their influence for good. Said he, ‘ The spirit of your official board is as sweet as heaven.’

“ You may be led to say, ‘ Brother Abbott, you are too profuse with your compliments, too lavish with your praise.’ But, doctor, if you knew how kindly they have treated me, how tenderly they have borne with me, and how earnestly they have stayed up my hands during my stay with them, you would say, ‘ All right, you cannot say too much in their favor.’ It has been a pleasure to labor among them, for all you do, no matter how un-

worthily done, is heartily appreciated by them. This Church and people are an honor to Methodism. . . . Since the first of January meetings have been held nightly; about one hundred and twenty have professed conversion, and about ninety have joined the Church on probation, and still the interest continues. We shall leave with regret, and yet thank God through time and eternity that it ever happened in the providence of God to be our lot to know them."

The wishes of the Albany people were not to be realized. Mr. Abbott's fame as a preacher and efficient pastor had not been confined to that city, but had reached Newburgh. The pulpit of Trinity Church, a large and powerful organization in this latter city, was about to become vacant. Numbers of its members had known of his triumphs in Albany, and, persuaded of his growing power, they were resolved upon his transfer to the New York Conference. Despite the strong influences which were at work to retain him within the Troy Conference, the Trinity people succeeded in effecting his transfer, which took place in the month of April, 1869. From his first sermon his success in Newburgh was assured. All hearts opened to him, and again the church edifice was crowded. Every department of the work felt the magnetism of his spirit, nor is it saying too much to affirm that soon the religious life of the whole city felt the influence of the man. Here conversions became frequent, and during his pastorate in Newburgh hundreds were added to the Church. The prayer meetings were scenes of remarkable religious interest, and the Sabbath services were regarded as seasons of the highest religious privilege and power. A letter in one of the city papers, written by a stranger who had visited the Church, will give an idea of the impression his services made upon a stranger :

"Methodism aims at making the Church a home, and in the First Methodist Church in your city this feeling seems to predominate. The pastor is assuredly pervaded by it. His Master's spirit, 'He careth for you,' evidently possesses him. It cropped out in his sweet breathings in the morning prayer for the afflicted members, and in his earnest pleadings for those of the Church family who are ere long to cross the ocean. How calm his confidence in God that He will put the everlasting arms around them, if the storm-king rage, and if tossed on the crested billows. It does one good to be brought by such prayers into close contact with God. M'Cheyne said, 'Beaten oil, beaten oil for the sanctuary.' His sermons were sentiments which he had tested, the power of which he had felt in his soul. Mr. Abbott's sermon in the morning was of a kindred character. It was on prayer. How touchingly he alluded to the harvest of souls which the Lord had lately given them, and bewailingly testified that as a Church they were now on the lull! He urged his people to continue to be beggars at the throne of God. He pointed them to Jesus, who wants to present their prayers. He pleaded with them to regard the countless unsaved, who hang upon them for deliverance, and he demanded of them that they should bear back God's promises to his throne for fulfillment. . . . Such preaching is a power. It does one good. It is the outgushing of a heart that testifies what it knows. How life-giving, when compared with the formalism of theological disquisitions over which men become spiritual gymnasts, and which never send them to their knees."

In the month of May, 1871, very largely through the kindness of S. R. Van Duzer, Esq., Mr. Abbott was released from his pastoral duty for four months, and in company with his wife, whose health was greatly impaired, he made the tour of Ireland, Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France.

At the Conference of 1872 Mr. Abbott was stationed at Washington Square, in New York city. This beautiful church was considered one of the best appointments in the city. Its

pulpit had been filled by some of the ablest men in the denomination, and its standard of taste in preaching was high. Previous to Mr. Abbott's coming, it had run behind somewhat in its finances, and its congregations, while not large, were deeply spiritual. It was a new field for the display of his peculiar abilities, and unlike any other pastorate to which he had been called. The competitions were greater, the struggles for Church life and growth on every side of him were intense, and the surrounding pulpits were occupied by men of great ability. But here, as elsewhere, his success was assured from the opening of his ministry. He found favor with the people at once, and captivated every one he took by the hand. The house was filled in the morning and crowded at night. The collections, an item of considerable importance in a city charge, rapidly increased, and under the stimulus of his own generous giving and of the deepened religious life of his people, the Church gave more money during his three years' stay among them than before or since, with the single exception of some twenty thousand dollars raised to pay off its debt, and as an outburst of denominational enthusiasm in the year of the Methodist Centennial. Here occurred a marked Sunday-school revival. The Spirit of God seemed to rest in an unusual manner upon the entire school, and in one single Sabbath afternoon no less than seventy of the scholars were found seeking the Saviour with intense earnestness. The proof of the genuineness of that work is the fact that most of those children remain faithful in their religious convictions and obligations to this day. His ministry during these three years was in reality a triumphal march. The Church was at high tide. He moved in its midst as a magnet, drawing all

together. Rivalries seem to have been unknown among them ; no one seemed to feel a temptation to jealousy growing out of any Church relations, but all seemed to be harmonized and blended into one common body by the magnetism of his pure Christian character. One of the active members of Washington Square of that time, speaking of it since, says, 'We had a family time.'

In the month of November, 1874, Mr. Abbott was called upon to mourn the sudden death of his wife. The greatness of his grief over this terrible blow was only equaled by the tender and unbounded sympathy and attention of his devoted flock. Nothing was left undone to show their appreciation of their pastor and his wife. They took him to their hearts and homes ; they prayed with him and for him. His heart was as deeply moved by their affection as by his own great sorrow, nor could he forget to the day of his death how sincerely and abundantly they loved him.

The Washington Square people were accustomed during a pastor's last year with them to make him a present as a substantial token of their esteem and love ; but so strong was the feeling of interest in Mr. Abbott that during his second year it was proposed to surprise him with the gift of a purse. No unusual effort was made ; a few persons went quietly about among the congregation, and were greatly surprised themselves to find that the contributions aggregated the sum of twelve hundred dollars.

Here again his flock was loath to give him up ; and when he had decided to accept an invitation to a Church in another part of the city, a number of his friends of Washington Square seemed disposed to follow him to his new charge. With a magnanimity

characteristic of the man, and with a high sense of loyalty to the Methodist economy, he saw most of them personally, and with considerable warmth discouraged any such purpose, advising all his friends to stand by and support his successor. He was a man of too large a soul to be willing to build himself up at the expense of another.

As his pastoral term came to its close, he wrote and printed in pamphlet form the following report, which is here inserted, not only as illustrating his attachment to Washington Square, but also his careful methods of Church work :

NEW YORK, *April 5, 1875.*

To the Members of the Fourth Quarterly Conference :

DEAR FATHERS AND BRETHREN :—The Annual Conference, to be held in the city of Poughkeepsie, on the 7th instant, will remove me from your midst. The relation we have sustained as Pastor and people for three years will be severed, and another will take my place.

There is to me always something touchingly sad in such a separation. It is the severance of ties formed in Christian toil and triumph. We have labored together without a jarring string ; without a note of discord have struggled and wept and prayed and rejoiced ; have won many a glorious victory for self and the cause of Christ. In all this, we have come to know each other, and the knowledge has provoked only love of the sweetest and purest character. Every tendril of my affection is wound all about you. Need I say the separation is painful ?

Sad as these separations generally are, this is peculiarly so to me. We miss our accustomed presiding officer to-night. Our Presiding Elder, Rev. Dr. S. D. Brown, our father and our friend, our Christian yoke-fellow, has finished his work and gone up to his reward. The Church has lost a faithful leader, Christianity a bold defender, we a Christian counselor and friend ; but Heaven has gained another blood-washed spirit.

Desolation and bereavement have come to my own heart and home. The closing paragraph of my last Annual Report was : "The closing

conference year has been to myself and family one of the most precious spiritually, and delightful socially, we have ever enjoyed!" Then all was sunshine in the parsonage. Since then the storm has come; the cherished wife, the choice of my early manhood, whose character seemed increasingly lovely as we journeyed together, and my little boy, who remained on earth just long enough to awaken the thrilling emotions of a father's love, have both ascended, and I am left alone.

The kindness, sympathy and love manifested then and since have bound you all doubly closer to my heart, and make the separation now to take place tenfold more painful.

My report for the quarter ending with this conference year is as follows :

Received on Probation.....	53
Received by Certificate.....	32
Total.....	85
Dismissed by Certificate.....	10
Dismissed by Deaths.....	1
Total.....	11

Leaving us a net increase for the quarter of 74.

The Sabbath-school during my administration was never so large, nor so spiritual. That last Sabbath afternoon in February, 1875, when, after a touching invitation to the scholars to be Christians, from their Superintendent, Bro. Slayback, sixty-five of them, varying in age from 12 to 20, presented themselves at the altar of prayer—many of whom found Christ as their Saviour—will long be remembered by all who were present. The Holy Ghost brooded over that assembly with power, and the result was salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Our public congregations have been increasingly large. Camp stools, in the aisles have often been required.

The prayer room has been in many instances crowded, while the class-meetings have been marked for deep religious experience and a larger attendance.

During the month of February extra meetings were held. We were ably assisted by Dr. John M. Reid, our efficient Missionary Secretary, and Dr. De Puy, of the Christian Advocate. The sermons and exhortations of these dear brethren and others, to whom we feel greatly indebted, made the deepest impression, and resulted in the conversion of many. During the meetings about eighty professed conversion and to be reclaimed. Fifty-three have united with our Church, eleven with other denominations; of the rest we have no particulars.

The baptized children's class has steadily increased in numbers and religious interest. To it much care ought to be given, for it contains your children, the joy of your homes, and the hope of the Church. Every member has experienced the saving grace of God, and all are on their way to heaven.

Our communion season continues to be the same effective means of spiritual advancement. At the last, four hundred and fifty thronged the table of our Lord and took anew the oath of loyalty to Christ. Thirty-three during the quarter have received the ordinance of holy baptism. Of this number about half were children.

Our benevolent collections for the year have all been taken, and are fully up to those of last year, with the exception of the missionary—a very slight shrinkage here. Considering the depression in financial circles, and the large falling off in other denominations, we think the showing good.

During the conference year just ending, we have received :

On Probation.....	74
By Certificate.....	59
Into full connection.....	69
Total.....	202
Dismissed by Certificate.....	60
Died	5
Dropped	15
Removed without Certificate.....	10
Total.....	90

Leaving our increase 122.

Benevolent collections for the year :

Missionary (of which the Sabbath school gave \$1,800).....	\$2,600
City Missionary.....	
Women's F. Missionary.....	250
Conference Claimants.....	400
Church Extension.....	300
Bible Society.....	150
Education.....	100
Bishops.....	100
Freedmen's Aid.....	50
S. S. Union.....	80
Tract.....	40
Total.....	<u>\$4,070</u>

In addition to this we had pledged eleven hundred and eighty dollars for repairs on Lecture-room and Parsonage, and from our Treasurer's report you will perceive the Church to be upon the soundest financial basis.

Dear brethren, do not think me egotistical if I give you a brief summary of our increase for the three years of my pastorate.

Received during the term :

On probation.....	253
By Certificate.....	170
From other Churches by profession.....	10
Total.....	<u>433</u>

Dismissed by Certificate.....	100
Dismissed by Death.....	13
Dropped.....	33
Withdrawn.....	2
Total.....	<u>148</u>

Leaving us a net gain over all loss of 285, or nearly one hundred a year, above loss from every source.

One marked feature of the accessions to the Church has been the large

number of families received—forty-eight, and, in several instances, their children.

Besides the money raised for our current expenses, which include salaries paid pastor, choir, sexton, gas and fuel, and repairs, we have given away to benevolent and charitable objects, \$25,000.

My relations with the various official boards have been most delightful. While I would detract nothing from those of other Churches where I have served, yet I will say, that for real business talent, marked Christian integrity, warm, loving hearts, and uniform kindness to the pastor, those of Washington Square M. E. Church exceed any that I have ever known.

Allow me once again to express my heartfelt thanks to you all, and the grand membership which you represent, for all your kindness to me. I cannot now remember an unpleasant occurrence since my stay with you.

Not a ripple has disturbed the entire harmony of the Church. I leave you peaceful and loving, as when I found you. Oh, may it ever be so!

I need not exhort you to receive the coming minister as you have me; it will be your delight so to do.

Remember, a pastor, no matter how eloquent and efficient, can do but little without the aid and hearty co-operation of the entire Church. This you have given me. To this, under God, we owe the small measure of success that has crowned our efforts. Be true to your history in this respect.

And now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

Respectfully submitted, this fifth day of April, Anno Domini 1875.

W. P. ABBOTT,

Pastor.

So marked had been his success, and so widely had his reputation extended, that in these days, as indeed up to his last sickness, he was constantly applied to for outside labors. He became quite a prominent figure at Church dedications, occupying pulpits and pleading for help in connection with

the highest dignitaries of the Church. His popularity at the re-opening of Churches and on occasions of lifting Church debts was second to that of none of his brethren. His calls to the lecture platform, with no solicitations on his part for invitations, were constant: the unsolicited eulogiums of the press in so many localities indicate the popular estimate of his abilities in this direction. But nowhere did he seem more at home, and in no place did his marvelous powers as a pulpit orator show themselves, as at a camp-meeting. His religious life had its beginning at such a meeting, and ever after he could not but find himself in full sympathy with both its spirit and aim. When preaching on such occasions his whole soul kindled and glowed as he opened and applied the Gospel of Jesus to the masses of souls before him. The mere announcement in certain localities that William P. Abbott would preach on a certain day was sufficient to stir the community for miles around; the trains would be burdened with people, and the roads lined with vehicles. That was looked forward to as the great day of the feast. How he would preach! Multitudes will remember during their life some of those sermons which made him famous as a camp-meeting preacher: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." The writer will never forget the effect of this latter sermon, as it was preached on the Wesley Grove Camp-ground, in Orange County, New York. The announcement that young Abbott was to preach had drawn thousands to the ground,

and at the hour of afternoon service the circle within the inclosure of the tents was densely packed by an eager multitude ; besides the enormous trains which had brought their burdens, it was estimated that one thousand vehicles arrived on the ground in the afternoon. From the moment that Mr. Abbott announced his text, in his clear, ringing tones, every eye was fixed upon him. As he proceeded and gathered warmth and force, now and then some one, touched by his fiery words, would utter a loud "Amen!" or other expression of decided emotion, until at last all hearts seemed to be moved by a common impulse, and the woods rang with the shouts or unsuppressed sobs of the congregation. For more than an hour, with a power seldom equaled, he poured out a torrent of burning eloquence, until from utter exhaustion he ceased ; nor was the sermon simply a rhetorical flight, it was in demonstration of the Spirit ; and as a result of that afternoon's efforts quite a number of souls were converted.

As his pastorate at Washington Square drew to its close, invitations came to him, not only from influential Churches within the bounds of his own conference, but from other conferences as well. He had no disposition to leave his own conference ; the attachments he had formed during his residence in the lower counties of the State had been strengthened with each year, and so to all outside calls he gave a decided negative. With considerable misgiving as to his fitness for the place, he yielded to the earnest solicitations of the official board of St. Luke's Church, and consented to become its pastor, if in the judgment of the authorities of the Church it should seem wise. On the fourteenth day of April, 1875, he received his appointment to that Church. Here was a field widely

different from any he had attempted to cultivate. The membership of St. Luke's, although not large, was composed of the wealthiest and most influential Methodists of the city, if not of the land. The church edifice was not large, and therefore not capable of accommodating the throngs to which he had been accustomed to preach. Some of his most intimate friends and advisers felt doubtful as to his success under some of these changed conditions.

Mr. Abbott at once threw himself into his work with his usual ardor. The congregation doubled in a very brief time, as did also the Sabbath-school. Owing to the limited calls now made upon him for purely pastoral work, a larger proportion of his time was devoted to the preparation of his sermons, and many were the hours of patient toil in which he wrought out those discourses which commanded the attention of the critical and cultured hearers to whom he ministered. It is the judgment of his close and long-time friends that he never labored with greater earnestness than while serving St. Luke's. This Church, from the commencement of its history, had enjoyed the highest reputation for its contributions to benevolent objects, not only because of its ability, but because of its comprehension of the magnitude of the work which the Methodist Episcopal Church had undertaken. Under Mr. Abbott's leadership these contributions were advanced to a degree which at once surprised and gratified, not only itself, but its friends throughout the Church. During his first year it raised over three thousand dollars for the cause of Missions, which was regarded at the time as a very liberal donation. The second year he determined that St. Luke's could do better, and, although he well understood how his people, in common

with others, were suffering by the stringency of the times, he felt that his brethren so well recognized the claims of the great cause, that they not only ought, but would, do still better. He laid the subject before them, which they considered prayerfully, and on the day of lifting the collection preached to them a hopeful and encouraging sermon on the history and progress of Missions. Then, calling on two of his brethren to act as secretaries, and on others to solicit in the aisles, he asked the congregation for enough to make their contribution six thousand four hundred dollars, or double what it was the previous year. The amount returned exceeded seven thousand one hundred dollars, a point which was about reached the following year. Under his leadership, also, the prayer-meetings were vastly improved, and became here as elsewhere seasons of spiritual quickening and profit. They were built up by systematic and earnest labor, by personal appeal to his flock in public and private, and by printed pastoral epistles, of which the following is a sample, for he wrote not once, but again and again :

ST. LUKE'S PARSONAGE,

104 West 41st St.,

New York, 1877.

DEAR ——— :

The time has arrived when extra revival services are to be held in our church, and I VERY MUCH desire that, by your presence and the presence of your family, you contribute to their support and success.

Some progress has been made since I became pastor of this Church.

One hundred and twenty additions have been made to our membership, above all loss by death and removal.

The Sabbath-school has steadily grown in numbers, till three hundred names are upon record as regular attendants, and our rooms are crowded.

A magnificent corps of teachers, ever prompt and efficient, guarantee its success.

The Class-meetings were never so well attended.

And financially we have been advancing.

A floating debt of over nine thousand dollars has been paid, and our church property is now free.

Besides, our income from the rent of pews and from collections has steadily increased, till now it fully meets our current expenses.

In addition to all this, we have on subscription, for a new church, the best part of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Our Church Mission is doing a grand work among the destitute of this part of the city, not only educating them in the Industrial and Religious Departments, but expending hundreds of dollars for the relief of their physical necessities. When we take into consideration the financial depression of the times, certainly the above statement is one to cause profound thankfulness to that God who has thus prospered us.

But with all this to encourage us, we still have GREAT NEED: and our greatest need just now is a revival of GOD'S WORK in our hearts, and the salvation of the unconverted.

This is absolutely necessary in order that our work shall be perfect.

Shall we have this revival? It is for you in part to determine this question.

Therefore I urge YOU to give us your presence and influence.

You may not exactly approve of the way in which the meetings shall be conducted, but if you have any prejudice in regard to our manner, lay it aside and come.

There is enthusiasm in numbers, and enthusiasm in this work is a necessity.

Therefore, allow me to exhort you in the most AFFECTIONATE yet EARNEST way,

1st. To allow no social engagements to keep you away from our meetings;

2d. While they are in progress, defer all business engagements that can be possibly postponed;

3d. Lay aside domestic cares and preferences as far as possible, and come.

GOD CALLS.

THE CHURCH CALLS.

PERISHING SINNERS CALL.

YOUR PASTOR BESEECHES that you RALLY now to the uplifting and triumph of the Cross.

Ever yours,

W. P. ABBOTT.

These "general orders" had their effect ; his people entered into sympathy with his movements and yearnings, and the blessing he so earnestly sought came in goodly measure to the Church.

Among the most remarkable trophies of his ministry was the conversion of a man whose record had been of the darkest character, but who, after his conversion, became an efficient worker, and abides to this day as a marvel of divine grace, and an illustrious example of what a consecrated man, by grace, can do for a fellow-man.

————— had gone down through all the grades of crime to the condition of a drunken outcast and felon ; for two years under one sentence he had been an inmate of the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island ; for nineteen months an inmate of the State Prison of New Jersey ; for years an *habitué* of that sink of iniquity in Water Street known as Kit Burns' ; committed again and again for drunkenness ; enlisted in the famous Sixth New York Volunteers under the leadership of the notorious Billy Wilson ; pausing afterward for a little time by reason of the love awakened in him by the woman who consented to be his wife, but becoming at last houseless, homeless, and degraded. The picture which he gives of his state at the time he came into providential contact with Mr. Abbott is

a terrible but a true one ; his only bed the dock at Pier 35 ; his only companion a bottle ; his brain on fire from drink ; his throat parched, and his soul indifferent to the respect of others. In this condition he was found by his wife, who with earnest prayers and tearful eyes had followed him, and who, after coaxing him from the dock, left him, as she was obliged to do, to find in an old ice-wagon a shelter from the storm that was then raging. Here in a short time he was found by his little son, who told him that his wife was very sick. Like many men of his class, he thought the best man to help him in his trouble would be a minister. He accordingly sought and found one, who refused to go with him on account of his bad reputation. As he says, the Lord directed him to the parsonage of St. Luke's. Mr. Abbott being out, he left his wife's address on the slate, stating that it was a sick call. As the day dragged slowly on, and night came, no minister appeared. At about eleven o'clock at night he retraced his steps to the parsonage, and with a throbbing heart pulled the bell. Presently the door opened and a voice asked, "Who is there?" The answer was put in such a form as to touch the questioner's heart, and —— was invited to remain until the minister could dress himself. In a few minutes they passed out together, and as they reached the sidewalk Mr. Abbott, who evidently was not favorably impressed with the stranger's appearance, with his heavy cane grasped tightly in his hand, said to him, "I am a match for you and the devil any time." He accompanied the poor drunkard to the wretched apartments of Mrs. ——, prayed with her, and left her some money. On the following day a committee of ladies from St. Luke's called at the house. Mrs. ——, meanwhile, had been taken to the hospital.

They found the husband, and invited him to come to the prayer-meeting to be held that evening. As night drew on, — went to the Reservoir Park, where for a time he sat down, full of sober reflections; his heart was melted. Upon arising from his seat, hardly knowing whither he went, he wandered over to Forty-first Street and into St. Luke's, feeling, as he says, "like a murderer." Mr. Abbott prayed and exhorted. — was deeply moved, every word going to his heart, which alternated between hope and fear. As the benediction was being pronounced, — hurried toward the street, when to his surprise he was tapped gently on the back and his hand grasped by the pastor, "as if," he says, "he had known me twenty years, and wanted me to understand that Jesus loved me. He spoke feelingly of my wife, and, to show me that he was my friend, proffered me money, which I refused, for fear of being tempted. He took me on the steps of the parsonage, and spoke of the goodness of God, mighty to save and strong to deliver. I drank in the truth, and tripped away lightly with new desires and new aspirations." Mr. Abbott had found the better elements in the man's nature, and to them he applied the blessed hopes of the Gospel. In a little time — was soundly and happily converted, admitted as a probationer in St. Luke's, and employed subsequently by Mr. Moody, and afterward by Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jun., in his Gospel temperance work. In due time Mr. Abbott clothed him with a regular outfit, dropped a roll of bills in his hand, and assured him of his friendship, and promised him any aid he might need, words that he did not fail to remember.

At the request of his Church, the New York Conference had been invited to hold its session of 1878 at St. Luke's.

Nothing could exceed the heartiness with which he prepared for its entertainment. He threw his soul into the work, and overlooked nothing which might add to the comfort or convenience of his brethren, who for one busy week were to be the guests of his people. He was familiar with the inconvenience to which many members of the Conference are necessarily put by the long distances which intervene between the church in which the daily sessions are held and the homes at which they are entertained. He felt especially for the older members, to whom it sometimes becomes a matter of real hardship. To obviate this as far as possible, he entered into negotiations with the proprietors of one of the elegant hotels in the immediate vicinity of the Church for the accommodation of quite a large number of the preachers. But before finally closing a bargain with them, he called aside two of the ministers associated with him on the committee of arrangements, and, under an injunction of secrecy, directed them to look carefully and quietly at the style and location of the rooms to be set apart for the Conference members, and especially to notice whether they could detect in the air of the rooms any indications of foul gases which might endanger the health of the occupants, as at that time there were serious complaints of the escape of sewer-gas in some of the hotels. Thus, only after the most careful scrutiny was the bargain concluded. Then, with a wise and patient discrimination, he selected the men who stood most in need of such particular regard, or to whom he thought it would be an especial gratification. With secretly-expressed hope as to the success of his measures, he waited to see how his brethren would regard the affair. "I will give them," said he, "the grandest entertainment they have

ever had at any Conference." When he learned how highly they appreciated it, his delight was unbounded, nor could he refrain from slipping quietly over each day at the dinner-hour to greet them, and see "how the dear old brethren enjoyed it."

For months before this Conference he was beset by applications from various Churches, a number of them within the bounds of other Conferences, to become their pastor. One of these Churches, in a distant city, was urged upon him by more than one of the highest officers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Grave interests were at stake, and he was looked to as the man who of all men was best adapted to meet the demands of the case. As this particular case, together with others that were urged upon him, involved a transfer out of his own Conference, he hesitated. He had no wish to disregard the judgment of his superiors in office, but so increasingly strong had grown his attachment to the ministers and people of his own Conference that he finally, with great firmness and respectfulness, declined them all.

The congregation of Thirtieth Street, in New York city, had, with marked unanimity, extended to him an invitation to become its pastor. This Church had had an earnest struggle for years, owing to the multiplication of Churches in its vicinity, the change of population in its neighborhood, and its own loss in members by deaths and removals. Its official members wisely judged that few men could accomplish for them what Mr. Abbott could, if he were willing to accept the offers they made to him. With great frankness they stated the facts, and with equal hopefulness he acceded to their request. Accordingly, at the close of the Conference of 1878 he was appointed pastor of that Church.

On the twenty-ninth day of April of this year Mr. Abbott was married to Miss M. Delia Archer, eldest daughter of O. H. P. Archer, Esq., the ceremony being performed by Bishop W. L. Harris, D.D., assisted by the Presiding Elder, M. D'C. Crawford, D.D. The residence of Mr. Archer was thronged with a most brilliant company of ministers and laymen prominent in all the Churches of the metropolis. The congratulations were hearty and sincere, every body wishing the joyous couple a long life and all the happiness the hour seemed to promise. The wedding presents were numerous, and many of them very costly, including a substantial gift from the bride's father. After a brief pleasure trip with his bride, Mr. Abbott entered upon his labors in his new charge with unwonted zeal. His parsonage had been most elegantly furnished, and, having been so long deprived of a real home, nothing could exceed his joy in his new relation. His health, which had been not of the best for some years, seemed to be improved. He was in high spirits. The hope of building up his new charge inspired his ambition. His congregation rapidly increased both in numbers and influence. The Sabbath collections were more than doubled. His official brethren were full of hope, and the highest results of his ministry seemed about to be reached.

In the early part of the year he had been urged to accept the position of orator at the Centennial celebration of the Massacre at Wyoming. He was descended on both the paternal and maternal side from those who bore a part in that dreadful struggle. The highest dignitaries of the nation, including the President of the United States, were to take part in the exercises. Mr. Abbott shrank from the duty, and only consented to undertake the task after the most continued and

persistent solicitation. He applied himself with great diligence to the preparation of a speech which must be conceded to be the crowning effort of his life, but which, with its delivery on a heated day, greatly taxed his health, and possibly laid the foundation for his subsequent and fatal illness. The celebration lasted two days, July third and fourth, and was attended by many thousands of people. There were addresses of welcome, poems, and historical statements, music and prayers, but of them all none equaled the effect of that oration. The speaker was interrupted at frequent intervals by applause which could not be controlled, and between these intervals the fixed attention given him was a splendid example of the power of oratory to control a multitude of men, however inclined to be irritated from the excessive heat and the jam of hot humanity pressing around.

A writer in the *Christian Advocate* calls it "the crowning event of the day; the presentation of it in our columns fails to give any thing like the effect it produced when the words fell from the lips of the eloquent speaker. During its delivery there was the only good order of the day. The assembled thousands were held spell-bound as if by magic power. It was an achievement worthy of a life-time, and it affords us no little pride that our Methodism can furnish the men able to measure up to the greatest occasions. At the close of the oration Col. Dorrance, President of the day, called for an expression of thanks from the audience for the admirable address to which they had listened, whereupon thousands of hands went up, and cheer upon cheer was given."

About this time Syracuse University, at its Commencement, bestowed upon Mr. Abbott the honorary degree of Doctor in

Divinity, the appropriateness of which was unquestioned, and elicited the gratitude of his many friends. He had been previously honored with the degree of Master of Arts by Genesee College. His name also had been proposed as the Presiding Elder of the New York District for the term following the next session of the Conference, a position for which he was eminently qualified, and among his friends it seemed quite certain that, should he live, the appointing power would ratify their choice and gratify their wishes.

But God had proposed otherwise, and after but a few months' most successful labor, which gave promise of as rich harvests as any year of his ministry, and after an equally brief happiness in his newly married relation, both suddenly, and, as it seems to us from our limited view, sadly ceased.

A just analysis of the character and methods of Dr. Abbott as a minister of Jesus Christ will show that nature and grace combined to make him what he was, a noble man and an eminently-successful Christian worker, while the facts of his life show that these results were wrought out by the most painstaking and diligent effort.

God had given him a large and apparently vigorous body, a countenance marvelously open and frank, eyes of great penetration and expression, and a voice of wonderful compass. Within this body he had placed a well-balanced mind and a soul of surprising magnetic power, which gave him an unusual influence over individuals and great masses of men. His mind was well cultured by reading and careful study, as also by wide intercourse with the best classes of society, and by extensive travel, he having made two prolonged trips to Europe and one to the Pacific Coast. His knowledge of human nature was deep

and thorough, while his penetration was remarkably keen. One of his parishioners in New York, a man of shrewdness and business tact, and successful above the common lot, said to him one day, "There is——. He is in failing circumstances and wants help in his business. He is in good standing in the Church, and seems to be all right. He would take in a special partner, and I am disposed to join him. What do you think of it?" "Let him alone," was the reply; "he is lazy and without ability, and, I believe, is not honest." Subsequent events proved the correctness of Mr. Abbott's judgment, and his friend confessed that with all his penetration he was utterly deceived in his estimate of the man. This was one of the prominent elements of Mr. Abbott's power among men; it gave him skill in finding access to their hearts, a matter of no small importance to one whose own soul was set on winning other souls to Christ; it enabled him likewise to gather about him the right kind of men to assure the success of his plans of Church work, since few men have ever had greater skill in utilizing the talents of their members in such work.

His social gifts were proverbial among all classes to whom he ministered. Men were irresistibly won to him wherever he went. There was something in his shake of the hand, in the tones of his voice, and in the glow and cordiality of his countenance, which attracted and held every body to him. Nor did this degenerate into a mere womanly weakness of emotion; it was finely balanced by a high-toned manliness that commanded universal respect. As a lady said to the writer, "Although Mr. Abbott was a frequent guest at our house, and as much at home here as any one of the family, we never for a moment forgot that he was a minister."

Some who saw only the overflow of his great heartedness might be inclined to think such a nature effeminate and pliable. They would miss most sadly one of his most striking traits, and utterly misread his character. He was a man with a great heart, but also of most thorough convictions and moral strength. Where a principle was involved he stood firm as a rock. While in New York he owned for a few months a span of handsome horses, to which he was much attached. Knowing that his ample means would warrant him in indulging in a luxury of which he was so fond, he yet felt that by some who did not know him it might be misinterpreted, and so quietly kept them stabled at some distance from his parsonage. A gentleman of large wealth and a member of his Church, knowing of his proprietorship in these horses, and having conceived a warm affection for the man, said to him one day, "Mr. Abbott, there is my stable; there is a man always there, and there you will always find an abundance of every thing you need for your horses. If you will accept them, they are at your service, and shall cost you nothing." Mr. Abbott replied: "I appreciate your kindness, and am certainly very grateful for the disposition which prompts your offer; but I am your pastor, and cannot afford to be under such obligation to you or to any other man, since in the performance of my duty it will be necessary for me to tell you some plain truths. I am deeply obliged to you, but must respectfully decline."

He was a man of unbounded generosity. It was a joy to him to give, nor is it possible to estimate the extent of his charities. He gave to Churches in need, to his poorer brethren in the ministry, to individuals in all his congregations, and to the educational and benevolent enterprises of the Church.

His check-book, while it is a study in itself, and shows some large contributions, tells but a part of the story, since out of his pocket he gave most liberally. Such entries as the following were frequent on the margin of his check-book : " Fifty dollars —, to keep her in time of trouble ; " " One hundred dollars for —, widow of a Methodist preacher ; " " Two hundred and fifty dollars to —, loaned him in distress. " Nor will the record ever be made in this world. Accounts are constantly reaching his friends of generous acts which he performed, of which none knew but the happy recipients, and of which no traces appear in any of his account-books. A butcher relates that each Thanksgiving Day Mr. Abbott was accustomed to buy from twenty to thirty turkeys for distribution among the poorer members of his Church, and that at the time of distribution he would ride around with him, out of sight, to make sure that they reached the parties for whom they were intended. None but himself knew how many poor families depended almost entirely upon him for their support. A gentleman in one of his charges was very sick. As his pastor, he visited him every day, each visit being followed by choice fruits and flowers. At last the man died. On learning that the resources of the family were cut off by the father's death, Mr. Abbott supplied them with groceries, and in a variety of ways looked after their comfort until his own death. Each year at Christmas time he provided the mother and daughter with a comfortable dress. He repeatedly told them that whenever they were in distress they must be sure and come to him. The only respect in which he seemed to lack firmness was when an appeal was made to him for help ; here he seemed to have no power to refuse.

His gratitude for the least favors received kept pace with his generosity. The postman who brought his letters every day had been very faithful and kind. One day Mr. Abbott called him into the house, and gave him twenty-five dollars as a present. The man was bewildered, and stammered out, "What is this for?" "You have been very kind and attentive, and I want to make you a little present." The man refused it, but it was pressed upon him. At length he said, "I will see my wife about it." On returning to his home the man learned that his stove was about burned out, and it was decided that with the money thus given them they would buy a stove, which they did, and named it "the Abbott stove."

It was a great joy to him to make presents to his friends, a joy only equaled by that with which they in return multiplied their gifts to him. In many homes there are constant reminders of him in little, and sometimes costly, souvenirs, which he scattered on every hand. These were in many cases accompanied by brief letters, of which the following is a sample :

"I send you a slight testimonial of my love, and a merry Christmas. The intrinsic value of the picture amounts to nothing, but the love behind it is the purest and best I have to offer. With the hope that this may be a pleasant Christmas, if not a merry one, and that your lives and health may all be precious in the Divine sight, I remain as ever,

"Yours truly,

"W. P. ABBOTT."

Dr. Abbott was one of the most useful and acceptable pastors of his Conference. His labors in this direction were immense, and, while steady and conscientious, were without parade. His eye was on all the interests of a Church, and the

magnetism of his presence was felt in all its departments. He knew all of his men, and how to use them. Not alone what he did himself gave him the blessed results which everywhere followed his labors, but what he prompted others to aid in doing. His influence over the young of his flock was of the happiest character. He could, without faltering, call the little children by name as they ran up to him in the street, or greeted him in the Sabbath-school or the home. He seemed to know every body, but especially the poor, to whom he always paid marked attention. In the homes of his people his presence was felt to be a benediction, while nothing could exceed his tenderness in dealing with the afflicted. In addition to those sympathetic instincts with which nature had so richly endowed him, he had been schooled to tenderness by the illness of his wife, who through so many years had been an intense sufferer. He would enter a sick-chamber with a face full of cheerfulness and hope, and in every movement would be as gentle as the gentlest nurse who could step about a room. His words were inspiring at such times, and his prayers were marvels of brevity and point. Nor did his kindly ministrations cease with his professional calls, for hardly a day passed without some memento of his thoughtfulness and interest in the form of a beautiful bouquet or rich present of delicious fruit for the sick one. This was pre-eminently true of his dealing with the poor.

He always carried sunshine with him into the homes of his people, although, as was known to all of them, he was at times greatly depressed. Probably few men ever needed more bracing than he; yet it is sober truth that he forgot himself instantly when others were despondent. He would rouse them up, and

with kindest words fill them with courage and hope. A lady once said to another, at whose house she had often met him, "I am always so glad to meet Mr. Abbott ; I go away feeling so much better ; feeling, indeed, that after all I am somebody." And yet, how often, at that very time would he be feeling as if he were nobody. How he yearned for sympathy and love. How earnestly he wanted everybody about him to be kind to him. Whatever might be the case with others, he could not succeed without the strength and support of his friends. This depression took the form of self-depreciation, and had it not been for the state of facts revealed after his death, it might have seemed in some measure like begging compliments. He had had sore trouble which was known to but a few, he had passed through great sorrows, and for years had been in poor health, although his robust form gave little indication of it. His physical condition, more than any other cause, lay at the foundation of his depressed moods. An incident occurred during his last year at St. Luke's, which illustrates this characteristic. During one of his prayer-meetings he spoke of his ministry as a failure ; he was disheartened, he said, and considered his influence in that locality at an end. The service was about to close, when one of the prominent members of the church, a man of great prudence and sound judgment, arose and asked the privilege of uttering a few words. He said in substance : "Since Brother Abbott has been our pastor our membership has nearly doubled, our Sunday-school is crowded to its utmost capacity, our public congregations are largely increased, our social meetings are well attended, and religious interest is every-where apparent. His pastorate, instead of being a failure, is a remarkable success." After the congregation had been

dismissed, the brethren crowded around the speaker and thanked him for putting the matter in a right light and for calling attention to a state of facts which seemed to have missed Mr. Abbott's attention or observation at that time.

Dr. Abbott's friends often chided him for his seeming weakness in giving way to such despondency, but while he was conscious of the justness of their reproofs he used frequently to say, "I cannot help it." Not long after the incident above related, he gave the whole subject a careful study, and prepared and preached a sermon on "The Blues, their Cause and Cure," taking for his text the fifth verse of the forty-second Psalm: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him." The sermon was an exhaustive treatment of the causes of despondency which were shown to be physical and mental, together with some most practical directions as to its cure. Before he had left the church, his brethren gathered about him and laughingly declared that he had preached that morning out of his own experience. They were right. No one who had the privilege either of listening to or of reading that sermon will judge otherwise. While this characteristic was in some respects an element of weakness in his character, it was also one of strength, since it rallied his friends to his support, and drew others to attend his ministry, for in his own craving for sympathy at such times he had learned just what others in like condition needed for their help.

Dr. Abbott dealt faithfully with his friends. There were strong temptations for him to be careless in this direction. They showed him such marked attention, they bestowed upon him so many gifts, they were so untiring in their devotion and

love, that a man of even much greater force of character might have easily suffered himself to be silenced as to their faults and dangers; but multitudes of them will bear witness to his kind and faithful dealing with their souls. A single letter will suffice to bring out this trait. It was written to a brother whom he dearly loved, and at whose house he was a frequent guest.

DEAR BROTHER ——— :

I called at your office yesterday, to inquire for you, where I learned that you were at ———, and Mrs. ——— very sick. . . . I write this A. M. to extend my warm, hearty sympathy and to assure both you and her of my prayers. . . . God bless you all in your afflictions.

There is always something to keep us reminded that we are mortal. In the grand procession which Rome gave Scipio, on his return from the Punic Conquest, he had with him in his chariot a slave, who continually whispered in his ear: "Remember, you are only a mortal." So God, by the agencies of His providence, reminds us, no matter how great our success or prosperity, that we are mortal. I have ever regarded your home as a model one, your wife as one of the purest and noblest of women, and your children as among the brightest of all the gifts of God, and you, dear ———, as a splendid specimen of an honorable, candid, industrious, and successful Christian gentleman. With all these marks of divine favor and blessing upon you there seems the need of a drawback, not that you are lifted up by your prosperity, . . . but to show you that beautiful as earth and life appear they are not perfect, and to lead you to lay hold upon eternal life with a grip more sure. Pardon me for writing so plainly. I have written, as I feel, from the depths of my soul. May it please the good Father speedily to restore ———, and bring you all home in peace, is the prayer of your friend and brother,

W. P. A.

Dr. Abbott was great in a prayer-meeting. He used to say in the privacy and confidence of friendship, "I never thought

I was much of a preacher, but I do think I can run a prayer-meeting." He was right in his estimate of his abilities in the latter direction, however others may have differed with him in the other. He could direct a prayer-meeting with a skill rarely possessed. Here he was at home. He rallied his brethren about him seemingly without an effort. His opening-prayer was an inspiration in itself and brought down an influence which tarried through the service. His brief exhortations were the outpourings of a great nature charged with the Divine spirit. Nobody could lag in such meetings. In all his charges his prayer-meetings are memorable to this day, and were not infrequently scenes of intensest interest. He studied to make them attractive; indeed, he labored in all ways for success as a merchant works, who all the time feels himself on the verge of bankruptcy.

Those wonderful missionary and other benevolent collections which were lifted in his churches were not the result of a mere outburst of feeling, a spasm of benevolence, but of earnest preparatory effort. It was his practice, several weeks before taking an important collection, to make a special pastoral visit and appeal to his principal brethren, and to say to them, "Here are the benevolent collections; can you not do something better than last year?" Then he would make them feel their personal responsibility in the case and, if necessary, patiently explain the demands and merits of the cause. When the day for taking the contributions arrived, the congregation would be surprised at their own liberality. On all these occasions Dr. Abbott gave liberally and like a prince, his personal gifts to different objects increasing up to the very time of his death.

His love for the church of his choice and her institutions was deep and sincere. No other could have suited him so well, possibly no other could have afforded such scope for his talents. The freedom of the Methodist service, the warmth of the Methodist temperament, and the joyous expression of religious emotion so common among that people, were all in the line of his tastes for one so emotional as Dr. Abbott. Yet he was by no means a narrow man; his heart was too large, his views were too broad, his spirit was too catholic to admit any bigotry. He had too many and very warm friends in other denominations, both among the ministry and laity, to admit any illiberality on his part. For several years he was a devoted and active member of the Evangelical Alliance. The simple fact, however, was, that he felt satisfied with his own church relations. Abundant opportunities were offered him to enter the communion of other churches, some of them of a very flattering nature. They were known to but a few, and those only of his close friends. He would not tell these things out, lest his brethren might be pained by even the suspicion of his disloyalty to his dear mother the Methodist Episcopal Church. His answer to all such outside approaches was, "I would as soon think of changing my name as my church relations."

As a preacher, Dr. Abbott was no ordinary man. Tried by some standards he would not be regarded as great, but if earnest, faithful, pungent, powerful, and successful applications of evangelical truth to the souls of men constitute greatness in the pulpit, then his preaching must be classed under that head. He had great power over large masses of men, and this without any of those doubtful methods which, while being a re-

action from formalism in the pulpit, do quite as much to bring it into disrepute. One of his parishioners characterizes his preaching as "close, sharp, loving." Another says, "He was one of the plainest preachers under whose ministry I ever sat. He would tell more straightforward truths than any man to whom I ever listened. All felt that they were told to help, not to wound; that his utterances were from a high sense of duty." A member of St. Luke's says: "He commanded close attention from all classes of hearers." He was a distinctively Gospel preacher. He asserted Gospel truth. He held to what may be called the very foundation truths of the Bible. He never gave ground for doubt. While making no pretensions to greatness of intellect or profound scholarship, he nevertheless produced the profoundest spiritual conviction among his hearers, and everywhere won souls to Jesus Christ. He never failed in a single pastorate to build up the church. His sermons were prepared with great care. His fancy was vivid, his temperament was poetic, truth came to him very largely in the form of pictures, and profoundly impressed and moved his soul. The Christ whom he preached was not a discovery of the scholars, nor a conjecture of the poets, or an invention of fanatics, but a great fact, the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Filled with a genuine enthusiasm for the personal and loving Jesus, and with a burning desire to serve him, he preached, and when he preached it did seem as if there was a solemn majesty, as a shadow from the Eternal world, resting upon him.

Dr. Prime, under the head of "Irenæus' Letters" in the *Observer*, has given at length an account of a visit made by him to St. Luke's Church, which is so just as a description of

the subject of this sketch and his methods, that a large portion of it is here inserted :

Rev. W. P. Abbott is pastor of this church. He opened the service by announcing a hymn which he requested the whole congregation to sing with heart and voice. And it was done as he desired. A prayer by a stranger in the pulpit followed. Then a quartet of young men, with a cabinet organ, sang one of Mr. Sankey's hymns and tunes, and sang it well. It was in good taste. They stood near the pulpit, on a level with the pews, and the people were around them. They did not enunciate as distinctly as Mr. Sankey does; even the Asaph of the four, could not be always understood without a book in hand. "Clinging to the Cross" sounded like "Linked to the Cross." But it was the best quartet singing, without female voices, that I have heard in church.

The sermon was on the heroism of Daniel, who dared to be true to his principles, as a man of God, in spite of kingly authority and the certainty of martyrdom. The preacher began with a rapid sketch of the heroes of ancient and modern times in the military and patriotic fields, and then contrasting them with the heroes of Bible story who had fought a good fight for God. This was a graceful and fitting introduction to the subject: Daniel was the true hero; the dissoluteness of the times; the envy of the princes; the conspiracy against Daniel; the absurd law which was contrived to entrap him; the refusal of Daniel to obey it; his arrest and condemnation; the sorrow and remorse of the king while Daniel was in the lion's den; his deliverance; all these were portrayed with picturesque and brilliant colors, and an impression made upon the hearer's mind not easily erased. Then came the application; and it was one for the times, and it came home with power; firm adherence to the right had the favor and protection of God; even in the den of lions that man is safe who stands fast to his integrity. This truth was driven home with force, and the preacher did his whole duty in fortifying his hearers for the temptations of the times. "If an edict were issued," he said, "by authority able to enforce it, forbidding us to pray during the next thirty days, I very much fear that many of us would postpone that duty for a month, and that our evening prayer-meetings would be almost

wholly deserted, and there are not too many in the habit of attending now."

From the beginning to the end of it, the service was pleasant and useful. It was good to be there. Any person with an ordinary degree of Christian sensibility would be at home, and be pleased to find himself in such associations, with such surroundings, and under such influences. Not a word would offend the taste of the most fastidious and the *most* fastidious are people whom it is not worth while to please any way. But it is no wonder that such a church as this is filled with earnest worshippers. It showed me clearly that it is not needful to have rant and noise, or eccentricity and vulgarity, or nonsense of any kind, to make popular and attractive meetings. Nor is this all; for it is very certain that the class of people there assembled would have been dispersed, not attracted, by clap-trap and mere sensationalism. But they were there, because they were interested and profited. They enjoyed it. It was a pleasant place to be in of a Sabbath evening. The warmth, cheerfulness, sympathy, and music made "the moments rich in blessing." It *seemed to me* that the people found the hour and a half in that house very much like an evening in a large family at home, where the head of the household gave religious instruction, and all hearts and voices united in delightful worship of prayer and praise. The great difficulty is in combining the social element with public duty and service. But it can be done. It was pleasantly and usefully done in this place, and doubtless in many others.

Mr. Abbott's voice is powerful, his manner is graceful, earnest, and impassioned; he sways his audience with his sympathetic, eloquent appeals addressed to their sensibilities, while his argument is intellectually cogent, and his own strong purpose and conviction are forced upon the people, till they embrace his sincere and truthful utterances. Thus, speaker and hearer were with one accord.

It is hardly necessary to add that the subject of this sketch was a thoroughly religious man. From the hour of his conversion at the Bethany Camp-meeting until the day of his death, he never wavered for a moment in his loyal devotion to

Jesus Christ. His utterances, both in public and private, concerning his religious experiences were uniformly clear and emphatic. Only a few days before his last sickness he spoke to a friend of his sensible growth in grace and of the wonderful baptisms of religious power he had received through the suggestions of a little book entitled, "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," which he and Mrs. Abbott had read together. It is a remarkable fact that in none of his hours of deepest depression was he ever known to express a doubt as to his religious life and hopes. In his most unrestrained intercourse with his most intimate friends, he maintained always the bearing of a high-toned Christian gentleman. Neither the height of his popularity nor the brilliance of his opening prospects moved him for one moment away from the simplicity of the Gospel, or dimmed the luster of his piety. He was a man much given to prayer. He went from his knees to his pulpit and realized, as at the first, the need of Divine help in the proclamation of the Gospel message. His services at family prayer were of the most impressive character; the Bible was read in course and commented upon briefly; the servants, who were generally Protestants, were expected to be present, and each was remembered in turn and by name, while the prayers themselves were marvels of earnest pleading with God for a blessing upon the household and the strangers who might be present with them. Such as have enjoyed the privilege of family worship in that home will not soon forget the impression it made upon their mind and heart.

On the twenty-eighth of October, Dr. Abbott returned late in the evening from Sing Sing, where he had lectured, complaining of a heavy chill from which he was suffering. The

next day his symptoms were worse, and his physician was called in. Within a very short period his condition awakened serious alarm, as symptoms of pneumonia had unmistakably appeared and would not yield to treatment. He was impressed with the idea that he would not recover, a state of mind attributed by his friends to the nature of his disease. Every thing that human skill and ingenuity could devise was resorted to to promote his recovery. Frequent consultations were had with the most eminent of physicians. His wife, with heroic devotion, watched by his side. Prayers were offered in many homes and in several churches, including a neighboring Protestant Episcopal Church, for his restoration to health. It did seem as if the Church and the world could ill afford to lose a life so good and useful. Letters came pouring in from every direction, inquiring as to his condition, and expressing the most earnest hopes of his speedy recovery. During the greater portion of his sickness his mind wandered, and in the intervals when he was himself, so great was his weakness, and such the anxiety of his physicians, that but few of his friends were admitted to his sick-room. There were periods when his condition excited the highest hopes and when larger liberty was given his intimates. One of these periods fell on a Sabbath, some three weeks before his death. His mind was clear, and his spirit was quiet. The physician had given permission to his friend, John D. Slayback, Esq., to sit with him. In the early evening, as the congregation was gathering in the church next door, the two friends conversed pleasantly together. Mr. Slayback's singing had always delighted him, and at Dr. Abbott's request a number of simple Christian melodies were sung, Mrs. Abbott and her mother joining in the singing. As

he sat bolstered up in his bed, his soul was deeply moved. He called for the singing of one of his most cherished melodies, and one that affected him as no other ever did. The words are as follows:—

“The mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more;
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll knock at the open door.

“I am lowest of those who love Him,
I am weakest of those who pray;
But I come as He has bidden,
And He will not say me nay.

“My mistakes His free grace will cover,
My sins He will wash away;
And the feet that shrink and falter
Shall walk through the gates of day.”

When this last verse was reached, he broke into a flood of tears; it seemed to cover his case, and to embody the very essence of his experience and hope.

In the earlier part of his sickness, he had twice said to Mr. Slayback: “John, I do not know how this thing is coming out, but I can say, as Stephen D. Brown did, ‘I am all packed up and ready.’ He seems to have had a presentiment of his early death for some time before his sickness. Walking one day in the early part of October with a friend, with whom he was talking over some cherished plans, he stopped suddenly, and laying his hand upon his friend’s shoulder, said, with great seriousness: “———, I shall not live a great while. I shall die early. I have a strong impression, which I cannot shake off, that I shall die young; you will outlive me.” It was a

beautiful day, the sky was cloudless, the atmosphere was bracing and brilliant, and there was everything in his surroundings to make him feel hopeful, but his friend said to him, "O pshaw, Will, why do you talk so? You have one of your blue spells again." To which he replied with great earnestness, "No, I have not. But I shall not live long." The subject was quickly changed as they passed on together, and was forgotten only for a time. His friend has lived over the scene many times since.

For a week or two preceding his death, there was an apparent change for the better. His appetite improved, he sat up a little each day, and although some of his symptoms baffled the skill of the physicians, it yet seemed as though his life was to be spared. Plans were made for a journey to Southern California, where he should spend the winter and where, it was hoped, his health would so far return as to admit of his resuming the labors of the pulpit at the ensuing Conference. Little did his friends realize, in these hopeful days, what a terrible blow was to fall upon them, or how sadly, from the human side, all these plans were to be broken off.

It was Mr. Abbott's custom each year at Christmas-time, to distribute a large number of gifts, nor did his sickness prevent at this time the carrying out of his plans. He had spent his waking hours for several days in preparing his lists, and directing in the choice of each present, interspersing his fatiguing labors with pleasant remarks concerning the persons to whom they were to be sent, and the pleasure in store for them. This was his last employment. It is a singular fact that most, if not all these presents, reached their destination after the tidings of his death.

On Saturday, the 21st, he seemed somewhat better. Late in the morning his Presiding Elder called upon him. He was sitting up in his chair, and talked freely of his proposed trip to California, and for the first time during his sickness spoke hopefully of his recovery. He said: "I think I shall recover, and am so thankful to God that He has spared my life." The day was one of great cheerfulness. The evening was spent almost entirely in conversation with his wife. He lived over again all his years, and recalled in detail such circumstances as he thought might be of interest to her, saying as he did so, "These things may be of great comfort to you some day." At the close of his conversation, complaining of feeling sleepy, he was left in charge of the nurse, and Mrs. Abbott prepared to retire. In a little while he complained of feeling restless and tired, and soon it was evident that his mind was wandering. After medicine had been administered, he fell into a troubled sleep. A little after midnight, Mrs. Abbott, at the call of the nurse, came into his room, and almost immediately raising himself in his bed, he gasped: "Air! Air! Doctor!" and in an instant, without a struggle or a groan, passed away. The effect produced by his death was profound. His apparent improvement had created the impression that his recovery was certain, and when on Sunday morning the announcement was made that William P. Abbott was dead, multitudes were shocked. The feeling was common that a most devoted friend had been thus suddenly and sadly taken away.

The funeral services in New York were held on Tuesday, the 24th of December. Long before the hour of service the house was thronged with a company of relatives and friends, whose grief was as sincere as it was unrestrained. The body

lay in peaceful repose in the study, recalling those touching lines, written of another :

“Dead he lay among his books,
The peace of God was in his looks.
As the statues in the gloom
Watch o’er Maximilian’s tomb,
So these volumes from their shelves
Watch him, silent as themselves.
Ah ! his hand will never more
Turn their storied pages o’er !
Never more his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet !
Let the lifeless body rest,
He is gone who was its guest.
Gone, as travelers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.”

From thence the remains were borne to the Thirtieth Street Church, by Revs. J. F. Richmond, W. H. Mickle, G. H. Gregory, E. C. Curtis, S. I. Ferguson, and Messrs. H. Forrester, P. A. Welch, J. F. Phayre and E. S. Hiscox. The church was filled to its utmost capacity. Bishop W. L. Harris, D.D., presided. The opening exercises were conducted by Rev. W. W. Sever, Dr. A. D. Vail and Dr. C. D. Foss, who offered a prayer of deep feeling; which will long linger in the memory of those who listened to it. Addresses were delivered by Rev. M. D'C. Crawford, D.D., Presiding Elder of the New York District, and Rev. E. S. Osbon. The floral offerings were numerous and exquisite in design as many of them were costly in price. After the congregation had been dismissed, the remains were left in the church under the charge of a delegation of young men connected with Thirtieth Street Church. So deep was the desire on the part of multitudes to take a last look at the face of the departed minister that, until late in the

night, a steady stream of people passed in solemn procession before the casket which contained all that was mortal of the man.

At an early hour on Christmas morning the remains were taken by a special car to Wilkesbarre, Pa., and deposited on their arrival at the residence of his relative and life-long friend, Hon. Charles A. Miner. Here, on the following morning, impressive funeral services were held under the direction of Rev. Reuben Nelson, D.D., his former instructor, and were participated in by Revs. Nelson, Crawford, and Osbon, of New York, and Smith, Olin, Olmstead, and Brownscombe, of Wilkesbarre. A choir of male voices sung appropriate selections. At the close of the services at the house, the body was borne to the beautiful cemetery overlooking the lovely valley of Wyoming, there to await the resurrection of the just.

This sketch cannot be better closed than in words so often quoted by Dr. Abbott, and now so especially comforting to those most loved by him :

“I shine in the light of God,
His image stamps my brow ;
Though the shadow of death my feet have trod,
I live in glory now.

“No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain ;
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.

“I have found the joys of heaven,
I am one of the angel band ;
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

"I have learned the songs they sing
Whom Jesus hath set free;
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

"No sin, nor grief, nor pain,
Safe in my happy home;
My fears all fled, my griefs all slain,
My hour of triumph come.

"O, friends of my mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
Ye are walking through a vale of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

"Do I forget? Ah, no,
For memory's golden chain
Still binds my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet and touch again.

"Do ye mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do ye weep when the raging voice of war
Or the storms of conflict die?

"Then why should your tears run down,
And your hearts be sorely riven;
For another gem 's in the Saviour's crown,
And another star 's in heaven."

REV. W. P. ABBOTT, D.D.

[Address by Rev. M. D'C. Crawford, D.D., presiding elder of the New York District, delivered at the funeral service held in the Thirtieth Street M. E. Church, New York City, December 24, 1878.]

Rev. William Penn Abbott, D.D., was born near Wilkesbarre, Pa., Dec. 31, 1838, and died in this city on Sunday last, Dec. 22, 1878, being at the time of his death nine days less than forty years old.

He was the oldest of three brothers, children of Stephen Fuller and Charlotte Miner Abbott, and grandson of the late Hon. Charles Miner. His mother was a devout Christian, and member of the M. E. Church at the time of his birth. His father and mother both died before he attained his majority. His brothers, Rev. Asher M. and Stephen H., survive him.

He received his early education in the common school of his neighborhood, and afterward attended the Westchester Academy and Wyoming Seminary, of which latter institution Rev. Dr. Nelson, now senior Agent of the Methodist Book Concern in this city, was then principal.

After leaving the seminary he lived at home until nearly twenty-one years of age, assisting his mother in the management of a small farm on which the family lived. Up to this period he was wholly irreligious, and though constantly the subject of deep conviction, he had successfully resisted the strivings of God's Holy Spirit. He was very fond of society, and being remarkably genial and companionable, as also attractive in person, he became a great favorite with the gay and worldly young people of the community in which he lived. With such associations and such impulses, he was an object of intense anxiety on the part of his friends. He seemed to them, and indeed to all who knew him, to be rapidly rushing on to a dissolute course. Remonstrance had no influence upon him. His will, his passions, his purposes, were all strong, and all drifting him in a wrong direction.

At this crisis in his history, the mercy of God was specially revealed toward him. He was, indeed, as he himself said, "*a brand plucked from the burning.*"

He attended a camp-meeting near Pittston in the summer of 1859, careless and unconcerned, not seeking or desiring any religious benefit. But

while there he was powerfully awakened. His condition was reported to Rev. Wm. Wyatt, who tried to persuade him to surrender himself to gracious influences, but William refused, and returned home carrying his burden. He tried to drown his convictions in revelry and mirth, but they grew more intense. The nail was fastened by the Master of assemblies in a sure place. He subsequently attended another camp-meeting under the superintendence of Rev. Wm. Wyatt, this time as a sincere seeker of religion, and after two days' earnest struggle the light dawned upon him, and he was filled with holy joy. He began at once to testify for the divine Master.

The change was so great, so sudden, so unexpected, that many doubted the reality of the work. But Brother Wyatt, who led him to the Saviour, who nursed him through his sin-sickness, who has ever since been a father to him, and in reference to whom our departed brother, the day before his death, said, "*I owe every thing to him,*"—Brother Wyatt believed in him. He said to several persons, "That young man will surely be a preacher, and a good one, too." Young Abbott returned home thoroughly changed in heart and life. His conversion was marked, and shone like a beacon-light on all his after pathway. He found no comfort in his accustomed avocations, however. He felt called to preach the gospel, but he also felt utterly disqualified for the work. In deep distress he went to Brother Wyatt and opened his heart, saying in his agony, "*What shall I do?*" "Do? why you must preach!" said this wise master in Israel. "But I cannot preach," was the ready and sorrowful response. "Yes, you can, and must," continued Brother Wyatt, who selected a text, and insisted that Brother Abbott should proceed at once to prepare a sermon. The work was done, and the sermon was preached soon after in a neighboring school-house. Thus he commenced his life-work immediately after his conversion, and received a license as soon as he became a member of the Church.

January 3, 1860, he was married to Miss Lizzie Wyatt, daughter of Rev. Wm. Wyatt, who was his faithful, loving companion, gracing his home and cheering him in all his labors and triumphs for nearly fourteen years, when, Nov. 22, 1874, after a very painful and protracted sickness, she died, leaving our brother desolate and disconsolate.

Two years of his active ministry were passed as a supply, under the appointment of his presiding elder, who was also his father-in-law. This delay it is due to the facts of history to say, was owing in part to the wildness of his youth, and in part to his supposed lack of qualification for the work. But in 1863, having lived down the doubts and fears of the good men who distrusted him, he was received on probation in the

Wyoming Conference. From that day to this—indeed, from the time of his conversion—he has honored the Church and the ministry to which he belonged. For several years his popularity in his own country, and among his own kindred, has been unqualified. Last July, at the centennial celebration of the Wyoming Massacre, he was assigned the post of honor, and delivered an oration which was received with universal approval.

He performed three years of faithful service in the Wyoming Conference, and then, in 1866, at the urgent solicitation of the Ash Grove Church in Albany, N. Y., he was transferred to the Troy Conference. In 1869—again by special request—he was transferred to the New York Conference, and stationed at Trinity Church, Newburgh; and in 1872 at Washington Square, in this city. In 1875 the representatives of St. Luke's Church sought and obtained his services, and last spring the people of this church were greatly rejoiced to receive him as their pastor.

On April 29th last he was married to Miss Delia Archer, daughter of O. H. P. Archer, Esq., of this city, a lady in every respect worthy of him. But this event is so recent, so well known to many who hear me, so strangely in contrast with the scene upon which we look to-day, its contemplation in this presence would awaken so many emotions, that I have no heart to speak of it at length. Surely, it would be difficult for us to conceive of circumstances more prophetic of a happy and prosperous life-journey. You know how heartily we congratulated our dear brother who has left us and this deeply-stricken one who remains. So healthy they both appeared—so hopeful, so happy, so well fitted for each other, we said: "Many years of usefulness and honor, many years of purest home-joys, my brother, are before you," and sincerely we added, "You are worthy of them."

Behold, ye bring him here to-day to weep over him!

But this is not our brother. This is the tabernacle in which he dwelt, and we feel that this even is precious; but it is not he. It is said, and said truly, "How natural his appearance;" but this is not the illumined face which beamed upon us so recently. This form is not vital. This is only dust returning to dust.

It would be unworthy of us to look into that coffin to find our brother. A little boy, the son of a very dear friend, yesterday asked, "How can Uncle Will be in that coffin and be in heaven too?"

But we who believe in the redemption of Jesus Christ, and in the resurrection of the dead, to whom the future by faith has become a reality, we say, "He is not in this coffin; he is not dead; he is more really alive than when he animated this body; he has joined the great blood-washed throng who never die—who never say, I am sick. The midnight hour when he

breathed his last was high noon in heaven. It is all sorrow here, but joy there. Here we hold a funeral service, there the angels attend a coronation.

But I am wandering from the line of thought I had marked out. I speak the sober truth when I say that our brother's career was eminently successful. His first sermon attracted attention. He had a revival in his first charge, and in every charge God gave him fruit. He had no barren year in all the sixteen. He was growing, too, all the time, in favor with the people and his brethren in the ministry. He was never more successful than in this, his last charge. In the few months of his pastorate God has given him unmistakable signs of favor, and crowds waited on his ministry.

His popularity and power in all directions was increasing. He was held in high esteem by many of the ministry and membership of other Churches, and by multitudes who are not in communion with any church. And it must be remembered that Brother Abbott had not yet touched the twenty strongest and most fruitful years of human life. He was not yet forty years old. All that he was, was a promise of much more that he would be. He had a really brilliant future before him.

I do not feel at liberty to sit down, without endeavoring to account for our brother's great success. I know how difficult it is to analyze the character of a friend with judicial fairness. We speak out of our hearts on such occasions, and often speak extravagantly. But I will not claim that Brother Abbott had a remarkable intellect. He was not a genius. He was not a close reasoner. He had not acquired a broad or exact culture. His early advantages were limited, and he never could endure close, long-continued study. But he had a good, well-balanced mind, quick perception, sound judgment, and boundless tact. He read constantly, and kept himself well informed on current literature and passing events. He spoke the language of the people, and they understood him. His utterance was ready, rapid, incisive, and often vehement. A stenographer, who often took his sermons, told me that he uttered more words, by actual count, in thirty-five minutes than another preacher, whose sermons he also took, did in an hour.

His presence was commanding and prepossessing. His sermons were short, practical, and methodical, gathering continually-increasing force in delivery, and going directly home to their object. Indeed, this *directness of aim* I place among his greatest qualities. He spoke and lived and planned for immediate results. He did not sow seed, hoping that it would spring up at some distant future time. He was eager, probably impatient, for present visible results. It was difficult to satisfy him. If his congre-

gation did not appreciably increase and his church become more aggressive, if the social meetings were not well attended and lively, he was restive and distressed as a merchant when bankruptcy stares him in the face, or a physician when, despite all his efforts, his patient is sinking.

His methods were in the fullest sense evangelistic. He was at his best in a protracted meeting, when a revival was in progress. Roused to enthusiasm he became truly eloquent, and his exhortations were poured forth with well-nigh resistless force.

He had clear discrimination in dealing with men. He knew all his people, old and young, rich and poor; he could readily call them by name, and remember whatever was peculiar in their circumstances. He seemed to perceive at a glance in whom he could confide, who needed encouragement, who must be conciliated. He was a thorough, painstaking pastor. I in no way undervalue his preaching when I say he was far stronger in his personal intercourse with men than in the pulpit.

But I have yet to speak of one quality which ranked all others. I mean his warm, magnetic, emotional nature. He had a great heart, which irradiated his face, and opened his hand, and quickened his feet, and dominated his whole being. It was a great joy to him to be generous. His sympathies were in continual active exercise.

Suffering of every kind touched him. His kindness to the poor never wavered. Worthy or unworthy, he relieved them. His giving was perpetual. Though he had more means at command than most Christian ministers, yet, *according to his means*, he was a man of uncommon liberality. He gave to all our great Church charities freely. You will find his name prominent among the subscribers to the Wesleyan University, Drew Theological Seminary, New York City Church Extension Society, Missionary Society, and I know not how many others. His needy brethren in the ministry shared largely in his generosity. And to his personal friends, what kind and loving appreciation he showed! In many homes represented here to-day, and in many others in distant communities, made sad by this bereavement, are found mementos of his affection. While sick, as Christmas drew near, in entire forgetfulness of himself, he arranged a large number of presents, some of them costly, and all of them tasteful, for personal friends. He was a charming companion, simple and sincere, and confiding as a child. He loved his friends, and he told them so. He wished them to know it.

It is not to be denied that he yearned for human approval, and seemed at times greatly dependent on it. He was a great comforter when others were in trouble or sorrow. He always carried sunshine into darkened homes. But he was not brave to bear his own troubles. There have

been periods in his life when he has been almost literally borne along by those who loved him.

Do not forget, beloved friends, that this great heart, and all that our brother possessed, was consecrated to the service of Christ and the Church with singleness of purpose. He was, above and beyond all else, an earnest, devout, conscientious Christian minister.

The sense of loss to-day is oppressive. Words are too poor to tell what our hearts feel. The hold our brother had on the hearts of the people is wonderful. We, dear brethren of the ministry, have suffered loss. This death makes a real vacancy in our ranks. The churches have lost, for Brother Abbott had come to be considered the common property of the churches. But what shall I say of the loss of this church, to which his closing labors were given? They feel, indeed, bowed down with grief and disappointment.

I turn gladly from this melancholy view. There are great compensations in this case. In no way could our brother have made so much of life as he has made in the ministry. In no way could he have gained so much favor from men, and become so opulent in human friendships. It is, after all, the life thrown away that is saved. Self-abandonment to the service of others is the royal road to travel. He that winneth souls is wise, for he that turneth many to righteousness shall shine as the stars in the kingdom of heaven forever. O, Brother Wyatt, I am glad God made you wise to win this soul; to bring this prodigal boy back to his Father's house. God grant you many stars in the crown of your rejoicing! but you will have none brighter than this.

We must all soon go. O, let us be stimulated to a new and more earnest consecration. Let us see clearly our calling, and pursue it. Laying aside every weight, let nothing divert us from the faithful execution of the high trusts committed to our care. Then shall we be found as servants waiting for their Lord, so that, whether he shall call at noonday or midnight, we can say, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life."

Trinity M. E. Church, Newburgh, N. Y.

Whereas, it has pleased the All-wise Ruler of the Universe to call the late and lamented Rev. William P. Abbott, D.D., to his reward; therefore,

Resolved, that we, the members of the official boards of the Trinity M. E. Church, Newburgh, N. Y., of which he was once Pastor, desire to

record our grateful remembrance of his marked abilities and rare social qualities, and testify our high appreciation of his ministerial labors in the three years of his pastorate among us; and in the name of the Church we tender to Sister Abbott, in this time of her great sorrow, this expression of our deepest sympathy and condolence.

R. PHILLIPS,
J. SLOAT.

Washington Square M. E. Church, New York.

Whereas, we the members of the official board of the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church have heard with pain of the decease of Rev. W. P. Abbott, D.D.; therefore

Resolved, that we record our high estimate of his noble character and of his services to our church during his successful pastorate with us.

Resolved, that we extend our tenderest sympathy to the afflicted widow and to the sorrowing kindred, and to the church and congregation whom he was faithfully serving at the time he entered upon his eternal reward.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the family and to the Thirtieth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and also be entered upon the minutes of this board.

J. M. KING,
J. D. SLAYBACK,
S. L. MACOMBER,
G. E. MYERS,
L. H. BUELL,
P. A. WELCH.

St. Luke's M. E. Church, New York.

The members of the official boards of St. Luke's M. E. Church, having learned with deep sorrow of the sudden death of their late Pastor, Rev. Dr. Wm. P. Abbott, desire to record their heartfelt sense of bereavement in this mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence.

Dr. Abbott had endeared himself to all by his pure Christian character, his engaging social qualities, and his deep and earnest devotion to his work. We look back with grateful appreciation to his successful labors among us, and are glad that we had the opportunity of intimate association with him during the past three years. His memory will ever be held in affectionate remembrance among us.

While regretting the loss which we personally, as well as our communion

and the Church at large, have sustained in his departure, we rejoice in the belief that he was fully prepared for the great change, and in the assurance that he has entered into the rest which remaineth to the people of God. We tender to his stricken wife, to his sorrowing relations and friends, and especially to the family of our Brother Archer, our sincere sympathy in this hour of trial, and offer our earnest prayers to the Giver of all Good that they may be abundantly sustained by the Almighty arm.

Resolved, that this paper be entered in full on our records, and that copies of it be sent to the family of our deceased friend, and to the editor of the *Christian Advocate* for publication; and that we attend his funeral in a body.

Thirtieth Street M. E. Church, New York.

In view of the recent death of our late Pastor, Rev. W. P. Abbott, D.D., it is fitting that the official board of the Chelsea Methodist Episcopal Church should place upon record the following tribute to his memory.

We individually feel that we have lost a personal friend. We loved him dearly, and shall long treasure the recollection of his manly presence and kindly countenance. He sympathized with the sorrowing and rejoiced with the happy. Kind, faithful, and affectionate, his virtues are an inestimable boon to his friends.

We feel that the Church of Christ has lost a faithful and efficient minister of the Gospel. In many lines of activity in the Church he shone, but his conspicuous power was in the pulpit. He loved to preach the glorious Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to call upon men to yield themselves to the Great Saviour.

The loss of this dear servant of God is most sincerely felt in our own church. We loved him and looked forward to great spiritual and temporal prosperity for the church under his judicious and careful leadership. His personal piety and deep spiritual experience were elements of power which could not fail, we thought, to bring success to the church in its efforts to lead men to Christ.

We bow with submission to the will of God in this stroke of His Providence, bearing in mind the assurance of His word that "He doeth all things well." We hope to be inspired by the recollection of the last public utterance of our lamented brother, "Be ye also ready," and so to live that we may be ready to meet our Master when He comes. The duty of a deeper personal consecration to the cause of Christ is the lesson of this event to us.

We commend to God and the word of his grace our dear friend, Sister Abbott, and pray earnestly that in her widowhood she may lean upon the

arm of her blessed Saviour, and may find in Him comfort and support above all human origin. May the God of Heaven keep her in His tender and protecting arms.

B. F. ALLEN,

Secretary of the Board.

New York Preachers' Meeting.

William Penn Abbott, D.D., departed this life, December 22, 1878. With a deep sense of our bereavement we make this record upon the journal of this Preachers' Meeting.

Dr. Abbott was born in Wilkesbarre, Pa., Dec. 31, 1838. His ministry, which began in 1861, was for seventeen years, in every sense, most successful. By all the churches he served he was held in the highest respect as a minister, and most ardently beloved as a man. Few men among us have had so large a place in the hearts of the people. To few is it given to be so sincerely mourned when they die.

God had given our brother a princely nature sanctified by grace, pulpit talents of a high order, and an unusual adaptation to the work of the Methodist ministry. While as a preacher his popularity was marked and increasing, as a pastor his diligence, tenderness, and sympathy were rarely equaled. As a Christian, his life was blameless and exemplary. As a friend, he was true, generous, and strong. In the death of Dr. Abbott the Church has lost a noble man of brilliant promise and this Preachers' Meeting one of its distinguished and beloved members.

While we bow in humble submission to Him "whose ways are not as ours," and by whose Providence our dear brother is separated from our earthly fellowship, we embalm his memory, and by the help of Divine Grace will strive to emulate his virtues.

To our Sister Abbott, the bright skies of whose life have been so suddenly and so sadly clouded, we tender our deepest sympathies and assurances of our earnest prayers in her behalf.

ELIAS S. OSBON,

JAMES M. KING.

New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society.

At special meeting of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society, held Dec. 24, 1878, the following minute was ordered to be put on record:

The death of our beloved Brother, Rev. William Penn Abbott, D.D.,

long a Manager of this Society, and at his decease an honored member of its executive committee, comes to each of his associates as a personal bereavement. His devotion to the general work of the Society, his wisdom in its counsels, his generous contribution to its means, his earnest yet broad and catholic spirit made him, in its noblest sense, a brother beloved.

With those more immediately smitten by this great affliction we share the grief of an irreparable loss. Only in the conviction that some day God will make plain what are now "dark things" do we find rest. With unfeigned prayers do we commend the sorrowing family to Him whose covenant cannot be broken.

JAMES H. PELTON,
Recording Secretary.

Trustees of New York Conference.

Whereas, in the order of Divine Providence the Rev. W. P. Abbott, D.D., an honored and much-beloved member of our Conference, and one of its trustees, has been removed by death; therefore,

Resolved 1. That this board has lost one of its most active and useful members, the Conference a gifted and successful minister of the Lord Jesus, and the Christian Church a noble and enthusiastic supporter.

Resolved 2. That we will ever cherish a pleasing recollection of his manly and Christian virtues.

Resolved 3. That we hereby tender to his bereaved companion and friends our profoundest sympathy in their bereavement and sorrow.

Resolved 4. That the secretary be directed to send a copy of these resolutions to Mrs. Abbott.

C. S. BROWN,
Secretary.

(The following resolutions, most elegantly engrossed and framed, were forwarded to Mrs. Abbott by Hudson River Lodge, No. 607, F. & A. M., Newburgh, N. Y.)

At a special communication of Hudson River Lodge, No. 607, Free and Accepted Masons, held on Monday Evening, Dec. 23, 1878, at Masonic Hall, Newburgh, N. Y., the death of our Brother, Rev. William P. Abbott, D.D., having been announced, the following expressions of sympathy were unanimously adopted:

We would record our sense of the loss, which, in the wise ordering of

Divine Providence has fallen upon us and upon the world, in the decease of our Chaplain, Rev. William P. Abbott, D.D.

He was a brother well beloved, genial in every relation of life, honored and useful in the sphere of labor to which he was called, and to his family and more immediate friends the fragrance of his life is like "ointment poured forth." We would remember the virtues of his life that we may imitate them and give heed to the admonition of his death, "what thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

While we tender our heartfelt sympathies to his widow in her great sorrow, knowing how poor and vain are all mere human sympathies, we would commend her to the gracious comforting of God who "doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men," and who hath said, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Resolved, that the usual badge of mourning be worn for thirty days; and a memorial page be inscribed to his memory in our minutes, and a copy of this record be forwarded to the family of our deceased brother.

WILBUR H. WESTON, *Master*,

CHARLES H. HALSTEAD, *Secretary*.

INFLUENCE AFTER DEATH.

BEING DEAD HE YET SPEAKETH. Heb. xi. 4.

AMONG the most interesting places in Paris is the Luxembourg, a gallery of art second to none in that gay, yet historic, city. One section of the building is set apart for portraits of the distinguished characters whose history has been interwoven with that of France. Here you look upon Charles the Fifth and Francis the First, the old Napoleon and Louis Philippe, and many others with whose names you are familiar. A sight of their faces quickens memory, and the deeds of bravery or of cruelty, for which they were famous, are at once recalled. Among the number is a life-like representation of one of the most remarkable persons of the world. The facts of her history are as follows: In the north of France in the fifteenth century, when the land was divided by rival factions, and battles raged from border to border, when there was scarcely a river in all the territory that had not rolled a crimson tide through its channel, or borne upon its bosom the mangled corpse of friend or foe, a gentle peasant maiden, sitting oft beneath the branches of a large old tree, by a brook which murmured past her father's door, held converse with the fairies whom, in her superstition, she fancied she saw and heard. For hours she watched the waters of the stream until, at times, its rising mist to her eye took shape, and she beheld the saintly St. Margaret and St. Catharine beaming kindly upon her and calling her the Restorer of her native land. These visions did but inspire her soul with longings for the strife, and, yielding at last to her inspirations, she gave her life to her country, stood unabashed in the presence of kings, became the leader of the armies of France, and wherever Joan of Arc rode on her black charger, clad in her white armor, bearing aloft her silken banner adorned with the picture of her Saviour, there was enthusiasm and victory, the enemy was routed, and at last her king was crowned at Rheims.

Among the most interesting chapters of the Bible is the eleventh of Hebrews. It is also a portrait gallery, filled, not with those who have made themselves famous by the slaughter of their enemies, and who, when on earth, towered above their compeers, glorying in the distresses which their avaricious hands had wrought, but with the heroes of faith

whose history has been interwoven with that of the Jewish Church. Here beam the countenances of Abel and Noah, Enoch and Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Moses and Gideon, and a host of others not less renowned. A view of their faces at once recalls to mind the mighty deeds that made them great, such as "subduing kingdoms, working righteousness, obtaining promises, stopping the mouths of lions, quenching the violence of the fire, escaping the edge of the sword; who out of weakness were made strong, who waxed valiant in fight and turned to flight the armies of aliens." Of all this company Abel soonest arrests attention. His picture calls to mind the grand things connected with his history; that he was the first acceptable worshiper the world ever had, and that on that rude altar, at the head of Time's long pathway, he made an offering which typified his faith in God's redemption scheme; that he was the first martyr, heading the mighty company who have suffered for their fidelity to truth and are now on heaven's "sea of glass," who have "come out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;" that he was the first whose redeemed spirit entered heaven; starting from the spot where a cruel fratricide had smitten out his life, he passes shining spheres and globes of light and morning stars, passes in triumph the crystal portals of the Eternal City, and alone of all the heavenly host who have ever suffered and wept and bled and died, he stands before the throne pouring out his sweet but lonely song, "Unto Him who hath loved me and washed me in His own blood, be riches and glory and honor and power." The notes of this, the first anthem a redeemed spirit ever sung in heaven, hush the harmonies of angel song, and float and swell and reverberate through all that wondrous world of light. God has written an approval of Abel's brief life that will perpetuate his memory on earth until Time's last whirlwind shall sweep the vaulted sky.

In the Church of the Blackfriars, at Stirling, where John Knox preached the coronation sermon of James of Scotland, I read the following testimonial to the clerk of the parish: "To John M'Kibbon, who for the long period of fifty years was a devoted follower of the Lord Jesus, never once accused of the neglect of duty, nor of favoring any party. Because his honor was unsullied, his rectitude unbending, his integrity was above suspicion, this tablet is here placed by the officers of this parish as a token of their esteem." It is one of the grandest testimonials to virtue on record. But this testimonial to Abel's virtue is a grander one; God is its author. "By faith Abel offered unto God a more acceptable sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, and by it he being dead yet speaketh."

All these facts of Abel's life we remember as we gaze upon his picture;

but there is another suggested here, of which I have not spoken, yet of vastly more importance, and upon which I wish to dwell—the *power of influence after death*.

The supposition that influence ends with life, that the actions and words of a man are buried with his body, is false. The idea that the influence of the pious only lives after death, so argued because our text is spoken only of a righteous man, is equally erroneous. All play some part in the great drama of life, and all leave at their departure an influence more or less extensive and lasting.

Some one has said: "The graves of the peasant and the mausoleum of the prince, the sepulchral vault in which the scion of royalty sleeps, and the mere opening that receives the body of the beggar, utter actual and audible oratory. From every one of the dead a voice is heard in some circle of the world's inhabitants which the knell of their departure does not drown, which the earth and the green sod do not muffle." To sustain this point let me appeal to history,

To show the immortality of the influence of the ungodly, allow me to present this side first. Very much of the sin sweeping to-day like an avalanche through earth, blasting, consuming, damning men, is the result of actions long ago wrought, the actions of men whose bodies have moldered back to mother earth.

Who doubts the influence to-day of Paine? He is speaking now through his books, "The Rights of Man," "Common Sense," and "Age of Reason." Some one has said: "These volumes are hidden away on the forgotten shelves of dark old libraries." But Joseph Cook says: "The 'Age of Reason' never had a more extensive circulation in New England than at the present." At the time of its publication it was to be the blow that should shiver Christianity into fragments; but the hand that wielded it was as powerless to move the Rock of Ages as the thunder storm to shake the granite mountains over whose heads its awful anger plays. But while it has not shorn Christ of his divinity it has shaken the faith of some in that divinity, set in motion a train of influences which have called into active exercise the vile passions of many a heart, swollen with agony the death-bed of many a poor soul, and fanned the flames of hell for its reception. Through Paine's literature we hear his voice to-day, loud as the roar of dread artillery, in the rationalistic infidelity that every-where seeks to impede the progress of Christianity.

Do any of you say that such illustrations are not fair because they are exceptional? Do you ask for one drawn from the circumstances of men in the common and lower walks of life? Take, then, the instance of a father or mother, unknown outside the community in which they live. By

deceit, by profanity, by licentiousness, they have poisoned the minds of their children, made them "heady, high-minded, lovers of sin," and by their evil deeds have set in motion a train of influences that shall march down the line of their generations, increasing in extent and power with the ages, until at last it shall culminate in the destruction of hundreds, yes, thousands, of blood-bought souls.

Not very long ago, at a meeting of the State Charities Aid Association, the attention of Dr. Harris was called to a county on the upper Hudson in which there was a remarkable proportion of crime to the whole population. There were only about forty thousand persons in the county, and yet the number of criminals and paupers reached the large figure of four hundred and eighty, or about as one to ten of the population. The attention of the doctor was also called to certain names which every-where appeared on the criminal records of the county. He was led to follow up the traces of certain families, generally a difficult task; but it happened in this county that the physical vigor of that particular family he was tracing preserved some of its members from their evil destiny, and enabled him to follow the line back through six generations. The results of this investigation will remain as permanent and startling facts in the history of crime and its consequences. Here they are: Some seventy or more years ago a woman in that county, of low moral character, became the mother of a number of children. Here was the beginning of a long race of criminals. Down to the present time there have been nine hundred descendants from this unhappy mother, most of whom have been criminals, idiots, paupers, drunkards, and prostitutes. In one generation of this sad line there were twenty children; three died in infancy; seventeen survived. Of these seventeen nine served in the State prison an aggregate term of fifty years for high crimes, while the other eight were frequent inmates of jails, penitentiaries, and alms-houses. Two hundred of her descendants are on the record as criminals.

In the evil influence this woman has transmitted she has cost her native county many thousands of dollars, besides the untold damage she has inflicted on property and public morals. In the suffering, ignorance, degradation, and crime of all her descendants, in all the evil they have caused and are causing to so many innocent families, we hear in tones of thunder the voice of this unfortunate woman. The truth of our proposition that the wicked of earth, though dead, yet speak, is fully sustained.

Men and women in this congregation without God, you may never reap such infernal harvests with your influence, but by your actions in opposition to the truth of God you are making impressions for evil which will echo and re-echo to the end of time. It would be a terrible thing to wield

a power antagonistic to God, even if that power could be annihilated in our dying hour; but O, to set in motion an influence that shall do its deadly work when we have altogether lost the ability to control or undo, by any change of heart or life, the evil we have wrought, this is tenfold more horrible. To destroy ourselves would seem most infernal work, but to set in motion forces that shall destroy others after we have gone to our reward, that shall startle us ever and anon in our home of blackness and despair by the advent of some beings charging us with their damnation, this, this will be far more horrible. God save us from the work.

But you say that I have overdrawn the picture. Not so. I have not half painted it. Could I throw upon the canvas of imagination the dark hues which ought to shadow it, I could send every sinner in this house to his home with trembling. More: I could make him cry out for mercy even here. I cannot do justice to this subject; but understanding in just the smallest measure that to fall into sin is to fight against God and to enforce the claims of the devil forever, let me persuade you to repentance, to join the company headed by righteous Abel, and by your influence to help to swell the holy victor's song hereafter.

While it is a terrible thought that men may leave an influence at death that shall ever after work evil, it is yet a glorious truth that men have lived and may so live that after death their influence shall speak for God and truth. To show this let us appeal again to history.

A few years ago I visited Germany; and when at Worms it seemed as though this place was noted for an absence of practical Christianity. I thought of Martin Luther and the picture of moral sublimity he presented when attending that wonderful meeting at Worms, and in the presence of the Emperor and the Roman Catholic dignitaries, all of whom were thirsting for his blood, with hand uplifted and eye firmly fixed upon his audience, he declared, "Here will I stand: God help me;" and then asserted the truth of God with such power as made his enemies tremble, while not a hand was lifted to harm him, and I cried out, "O, for another Luther to lift up his voice, to thunder his anathemas against the wrong." Just then the thought was awakened, "Luther is not dead so far as his influence is concerned; it may not be felt as we could desire in this particular locality, but he is mightier now than when on earth. Then the Pope sought to deprive him of his liberty, other enemies sought his life, but now he talks without fear; he asks permission of no one; he is the monarch of thought, the noblest defender of the faith, and at this hour and every-where on all the breezes of the wide world, his voice, shrill as the bugle, increasing as the tides, may be heard in the enunciation of Protestant Christianity—dead, but speaking."

A little while afterward I stood over the plain brass cross that marks the resting-place of the ashes of Knox. Thought was busy; the past rose up before me—the bold manner in which he had advocated the claims of Jesus, trembling not before the edicts of Mary and her royal court, his faith compassing all Scotland, putting out the fires of sin, making Highland craig and Lowland heath to gleam with the glory of the crucified—and I mourned that he was dead. My musing was interrupted, just then, by the glad sound of prayer and praise which streamed from the open windows of Assembly Hall, just opposite, and, drawn thither by its melody, I heard John Knox speaking through hundreds of Presbyterian ministers, the fruits of his labor, in convention planning new campaigns, taking counsel together as to how they might the sooner make Scotia's hills and vales ring with the hallelujahs of the redeemed.

A few weeks later I entered London, the metropolis of the world, and as City Road Chapel was to me one of the greatest places of interest, thither I soon repaired, and looked upon the pulpit where the Wesleys had expounded the Word, upon the altar so often crowded with penitents brought to feel their guilt under their ministrations, upon the white shaft that rises above the mound that covers the remains of that holy woman, their mother, and thought of their toil, their sacrifice, and their triumphs, and mourned that such noble leaders must die. Even then my reverie was disturbed by notes of song floating out from the chapel in the rear, in the words of one of Charles Wesley's best hymns, "Jesus, lover of my soul." I said, This is the hour of service; in their different places of worship Methodists are every-where gathered, and the Wesleys are speaking in the roll of the waves of Scriptural holiness, making grandest echoes as they break upon the human heart, speaking through the voices of over four millions of Methodists, raised up through their instrumentality. Are they silent this morning, think you, brethren? Thousands of temples, this hour, are ringing with the melody of their voices. Millions of worshipers are melting to the strains of their penitence, and soaring on the wings of their piety, and through coming centuries saints will make Wesleyan hymns their songs in the house of their pilgrimage—hymns which will continue to soothe the troubled soul, and heal the broken in heart, and breathe their angel melodies over the bed of death, and around the tomb of the departed.

Not only are the mighty thus influential and immortal in their influence, but the humblest child of God shall speak when dead.

On a certain Sabbath evening, some twenty-five years ago, a poor young man, far gone in sin, a drunkard, stood beneath the shade of the old elm-trees in Worcester. He felt himself forsaken by God and des-

pised by man; indeed, on the borders of despair. Just then a stranger laid his hand on his shoulder, and in cordial tones invited him to the temperance meeting to be held that night in the town hall. He accepted the invitation, and went; he heard the appeals there made, signed the pledge of total abstinence, and, by the help he received from above, he keeps it to this hour. The poor old boot-crimper who tapped him on the shoulder has long since gone to heaven, but the youth he saved is one of the foremost reformers on the globe. As Dr. Cuyler says, "Whenever I listen to the thunders of applause that everywhere greet John B. Gough, I hear the voice of good old Joel Stratton, the boot-crimper of Worcester." Being dead, he yet speaketh.

Do you desire one more illustration? Suffer memory, just now, to conduct you back to childhood, and introduce you again to that sweet mother, your guardian angel then, full of tenderness when you were suffering, full of sympathy when you were sorrowful, and full of sunshine when you were happy; who taught you first to lisp the child-like prayers which have not been forgotten through all the long years of storm and time. O how you loved her! But death came, and the word mother, so full of music and heaven, has not been yours to utter for many a year. She is dead; but is her influence not speaking in every noble act you do? in every generous word, and prayer, and testimony, and song uttered in honor of Jesus' name? Mother is speaking. She will speak by word, by thought, through your children, and so down the line of ages.

Such is the power of influence; and so all, both saints and sinners, will have part, by their influence, in the ages yet unborn—will speak then as we do now; if for truth now, for truth then; if for falsehood now, for falsehood then.

When we look at this power for good or for evil with which we are invested, how solemn life seems! What care should we exercise in all its duties. There are few ideas to my mind more fearful than this, that a word, a look, an act of ours may counteract the purposes of God, and destroy a soul for whom Jesus died. Punshon says: "The stone flung from my careless hand into the lake splashed down into the depths of the flowing water; and that was all. No, it was not all. Look at those concentric rings, rolling their tiny ripples among the sedgy reeds, dipping the over-hanging boughs of yonder willows, and producing an influence, slight, but conscious, to the very shore of the lake itself. That hasty word, that word of pride or scorn flung from my lips in casual company, produces a momentary depression, and that is all. No, it is not all. It deepened that man's disgust at godliness, and it sharpened the edge of that man's sarcasm; and it shamed that half-converted one out of his

penitent misgivings, and it produced an influence, slight, but eternal, on the destiny of an immortal life. . . . O it is a terrible power I have, this power of influence, and it clings to me. I cannot shake it off. It is born with me; it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. It speaks, it walks, it moves; it is powerful in every look of my eye, in every word of my lips, in every act of my life. I cannot live to myself. I must either be a light to illumine, or a tempest to destroy. I must either be an Abel who, by his immortal righteousness, being dead, yet speaketh; or an Achan, the saddest continuance of whose otherwise forgotten name is the fact that man perishes not alone in his iniquity."

"How careful, then, ought I to live;
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!"

The thought of speaking after death is one before which the ungodly may well quail. It affords, however, the mightiest comfort to the genuine servant of God. It has been considered by thoughtful men a great boon to live and have part in the grand events of this nineteenth century, and to witness the wonderful displays of genius in art, in the discoveries of science, in the triumph of moral and religious issues in this golden age of the world's history. It is, indeed, a grand privilege to behold the fulfillment of prophecy, spoken long centuries ago, in the overthrow of error, and in the crumbling of Satan's strongholds; to mark the triumphs of the Gospel in the developments of civilization, in the subjection of men to the spirit and will of Jesus, in carrying us forward to the very threshold of the future, where we are permitted to look through at the beyond and see the revelations soon to astonish the world, when the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the bed of ocean is filled with swelling waters. Surely we feel like shouting hallelujahs to God and the Lamb for the royal prerogative of life at such a time as the present.

But in the midst of all the privileges of this age a spirit of sadness sometimes steals over us at the thought of departure before the Gospel conquest is complete, before the dawn of the millennial glory. We have no doubt felt, at times, that we would like to be present, and have part in the last battle between truth and error, and share in the jubilee that shall follow. If our text be true, we need have no regrets; we shall be there; not in body, perhaps. Future ages may have birth, may grow old and die after we have moldered back to dust, and before Gog and Magog shall make their last stand in deadly resistance to Jesus; before our Lord

and King shall utterly annihilate sin, and, with earth purified, death destroyed, the grave shattered, and hell sealed up, lead up the ransomed host to the gates of Zion, whither they shall come with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. No matter ; we shall be represented by our influence. Our voices will ring out the battle-cry and help swell the pæan of victory ; our feet will keep step to the music of the saints as they march to conflict and to triumph ; our hands will wield the old Damascus blade, and strike down the fiercest foe ; and, when all is over, we shall be remembered in the distribution of rewards.

Let us be watchful and careful that our hearts be pure, that Jesus reigns there, that our words and actions are the outbreathings of his spirit, the manifestations of his grace. Thus shall our influence be all that we desire, and, being dead, we shall still preach most eloquently.

THE NAME OF THE LORD.

THE NAME OF THE LORD IS A STRONG TOWER. Prov. 18. 10.

IN the city of Lucknow, the capital of the Province of Oude, India, there is a strong and strongly-fortified building, used as the residence of Embassadors at the Court of Oude before its annexation to the British Empire. Because of this fact, it was called the Residency. In this place, from June until November, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, seventeen hundred soldiers, and five hundred men, women, and children, were surrounded by a hundred thousand Sepoys, animated with the fury of hell, armed with the most approved weapons known to modern warfare, and commanded by Nana Sahib, a sleek and wary wretch, educated and courtly in his manners, but carrying beneath his gorgeous vest a heart filled with the malice of a disappointed fiend.

The circumstances connected with the siege, which lasted for one hundred and forty days, are of the most extraordinary character, and without a parallel in history. The bravery of those who garrisoned the place; the moral and military grandeur of their commanding officer, Sir Henry Lawrence; the affecting circumstances of his end, mortally wounded by a bursting shell, and passing into eternity with exhortations to his men to surrender never, and with shouts of victory over death; the privations and horrors to which the women were subjected, their resolute and enduring courage making them worthy of the highest fame; the gallant march of Sir Henry Havelock, who, with less than three thousand men, fought his way from Cawnpore to Lucknow, battling with heavy rains, a burning sun, fierce disease, and an army composed of idolatrous zealots, yet mastering all these difficulties, through smoke and death cutting his way through the city to the garrison, who, when his work was done, and that besieged company delivered, lay down in their midst to die, saying to his son and Lord Outram, "Come, see a Christian die," whose last words were those of that Apostolic hero, whose utterances still fire the Christian heart, as the bugle-blast does that of the earthly warrior, "To die is gain." All these things combine to make the siege of Lucknow one of the most, if not the most, memorable of any recorded on the page of history.

Strong as was that fortification, it bears no comparison to the one presented in the text. To this allow me to direct your attention.

The necessity for such a fortress will not be questioned by those who are conversant with the perils to which all are exposed in their combat with spiritual foes. Here we are, residents of a world having no sympathy with our aspirations for honesty and purity. All capable of celestial enjoyments, yet surrounded by temptations whose tendency is to prevent their attainment, and exposed to dire calamity, loss of property, friends, and health, both of body and mind. O, if left with no shelter or defense, how surely should we fall by the hand of our enemies, and forever perish! We are not left defenseless; a strong tower has been erected, and we have been invited to enter. Let us examine the elements of its strength as we pass, and ascertain if it is what it promises to be.

The first element of a strong tower is a firm, massive foundation.

One of the strongest fortresses of the Old World, that of Stirling, owes its preservation very largely to this. It rests upon a solid rock of the most durable character, rising one hundred and thirty feet above the river Forth, overlooking the beautiful vale of Monteith. Both because of its natural attractions and historic associations it has been closely connected with Scottish history since the eleventh century. Here the Bruce held his court, and here several of the Stuart dynasty were crowned; here, too, the Douglass was murdered by James the Second. The view from the battlements of the castle is hardly surpassed in all Scotland. The beautiful valley lies spread out before you, surrounded by mountains, so elegantly described by Scott in his "*Lady of the Lake*."

Ben Lomond's graceful peak, Ben Venue, Ben Ann, and Ben Ledi, following in quick succession, closing with Ben Vorlich and the humbler summit of Uamvar; and, following these, the Lochiel hills and Campsie range, bold sentinels the whole of them, keeping watch and ward over all within the peaceful vale. While at your feet are the ruins of Cambus, Kenneth, Wallace's Monument, Abbey Craig, the Bridge of Alcan, and Stirling Carse. It is a beautiful picture, and every point is fraught with interest, because so intimately associated with Scottish struggle and Scottish liberty.

But the glory of the castle is its firm foundation, as solid now as when its halls re-echoed the blast of Snowdon's bugle, or the hills about re-echoed the war-cry of Roderick Dhu and his clansmen.

Is a solid foundation an evidence of security? Then we have it. Ours is a rock foundation and immutable, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. As I go back along the ages I find all the old worthies whose lives honored God and blessed the world, glorying in the foundation

of this fortress. Says the royal Psalmist, "The Lord is my rock and my salvation, my glory and the rock of my strength." Isaiah says, "And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of waters in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Jeremiah says, when exhorting the backslidden Israelites to find a place of safety, "O ye that dwell in Moab, leave the cities and abide in the rock." Jesus says, "Upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." And men to-day are rejoicing in the strength of this foundation. In one of our love-feasts recently an earnest saint of God, who had lost her money, whose children one by one had died, whose husband was in an insane asylum, said, "The storm rages fearfully now, but I feel the foundation sure beneath my feet."

A few weeks ago the Rev. Dr. Brooks, of Philadelphia, died. During his last hours his sufferings were so intense that his physician, to divert his thoughts from himself, obtained a telephone for his use. Putting the mouth-piece to the trembling hand of his patient, the physician went down stairs, when a number of messages passed between them. Fearing that the exercise would be too much for the sick man, the doctor announced the fact over the wire, but received for an answer these words: "Let me say one thing more." "And then in tones," says the doctor, "as distinct, as well enunciated, as any I ever heard from him in the pulpit, and yet minimized by that strange, weird telephonic modification, came the triumphant expression, 'The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' I hastened up stairs to his room, but he had breathed his last. It seemed to me that after the silver cord had been loosened and the golden bowl broken, that the exultant 'Thanks be to God' was the outburst of the freed spirit."

Even death has no power to disturb this foundation; it remaineth sure forever.

Then, a strong tower must have impregnable walls. Next to a firm foundation this is most essential. Why was Plevna considered of importance by the Russians in their recent conquest of Turkey? Because of its strength. Behind those walls the Turks could hold their enemy at bay, could control the struggling provinces they had so long oppressed, and could command the commerce of the Black Sea. Hence, to level that fortification Russia was drained of her finest chivalry, her hardiest soldiery, and her bravest marshals; and for weary weeks, with all her batteries, she thundered at those frowning towers, until at last they were breached, and all Turkey was at her feet. So mighty were the walls of that fort-

ress that for months they who were behind them were secure, even though one of the mightiest military powers on earth was seeking their destruction.

Are strong walls an evidence of security? Then have we reason to rejoice in our towers, for we have them here. The materials of which they are composed are durable. They are the great blocks of promise cut from the quarry of God's word, laid with his own master hand and cemented by divine love.

Every block or layer is inscribed. The great monument now erecting in Washington in memory of the Father of his country is composed of huge blocks bearing inscriptions, telling from whence they came and why they were sent. So these blocks are marked. Let us draw near and examine some of them.

On the first layer I read, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

On the second layer I read, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

On the next layer I read, "He that walketh righteously . . . shall dwell on high; his place of defense shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure."

On the next I read, "Whoso findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord."

On the next I read, "Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace. There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit; for the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

Over all, as a capstone, a warning to their enemies and an assurance of protection to God's children, I read, "The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord and against his anointed. But Thou that sittest in the heavens shall laugh. The Lord shall have them in derision. He shall break them with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel."

These are the walls. Thus far have they proved impregnable. The allied powers of earth and hell have surrounded them, and with infernal cunning and enginery have sought their overthrow. The bombardment

has been terrific, and at this hour "the rockets' red glare and bombs bursting in air" tell us that the deadly fight goes on. As yet the walls are unbreached, the place is unstormed, while at its base lie all the missiles of the enemy; and our abiding faith is that the fortress will ever stand unshaken and eternal.

Then, a strong tower must be well armed; every means of defense must be at hand. Perhaps no better illustration of this can be given than that furnished by the Tower of London, a fortress as full of interest to the American as to the Englishman. Descending one of the streets called Tower Hill, the hoary walls of this ancient pile, founded by William the Conqueror, rise before us. Amid the surrounding mass of more modern buildings these walls stand as grim witnesses of a by-gone age. Dark shadows of the past enshroud the gloomy fabric. These seem to throw into stronger relief the justice, liberty, intelligence, and refinement which illuminate our day. England is quiet and peaceful now, but inside this tower are weapons enough to equip all Britain for any conflict. These arms are arranged in the most artistic forms. Bayonets brightly polished are made to represent most splendid aquariums and beautiful stars; wreaths are formed of ramrods and pistols, while flowers of every name are formed of battle-axes, broadswords, and muskets, arranged upon the wall and floor with such precision as to raise a doubt whether they really are murderous implements. In the center of the ceiling of the White Tower, a room containing four hundred thousand stand of arms, there is a representation, seventy-five feet in diameter, of the Prince of Wales' wedding-cake, with separate sections and ornamentations formed of guns, swords, and bayonets.

Are these weapons an evidence of security? Then we are safe in our tower. The completed armory of our defense is God's omnipotence. The arm that marshaled the stars and gave birth, form, and harmony to the universe is pledged on our behalf. Our weapons are the infinite resources of Jehovah, the irresistible energy of His mind, the creations of His hand, the machinery of His providence; all these can be employed to execute His will. Where is the Power that can resist it! How puny the arm of man when contrasted with the arm of God!

Have you ever stood upon some eminence in a storm, looked out upon the sea, and marked the giant billows as they rose from the deep, and with foaming crests rushed on to throw themselves with thundering sound upon the trembling beach; and did you fancy that you had the power to stay their course or hurl them back to old ocean's bed? Have you ever watched the lowering cloud and marked the lightning's leap as it flashed, dazzling, athwart the gloom; and did you fancy then that you could grasp

that bolt and change its path? Still more vain the thought of that man who fancies he can measure blades with the Omnipotent.

What is our defense? The power of that God who is able to do for all his children exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.

A strong tower, then, as we have tried to show, must have massive foundations, impregnable walls, and a complete armory. All these elements can be found in the name of the Lord. That we may the more clearly see this, let us look at the name of the Lord as set forth in his Word.

At the divine command Abraham has taken his only son Isaac up into the mountain to offer him in sacrifice. The altar is ready, the wood is piled, Isaac is bound thereon, and now the hand of his father is uplifted; the knife glitters in the sunlight as it descends, to be colored with the gore of his only begotten. But hark! God parts the heavens and speaks to his servant, "Abraham, stay thy hand!" As Abraham lifts his eyes he sees a ram caught in the thicket, which is substituted for the offering of his son. The place is called *Jehovah-jireh*—the Lord will provide. What a blessed name is this! Are we so poor as to be almost crushed beneath our poverty? The Lord will provide. Is our way hedged up, so that we cannot see what is duty? Are we despondent because we cannot clearly see our path? The Lord will provide. We read that name every-where. On the green hill-side, in the verdant valley, in the ripening harvest, in the life-giving rivers, in the precious Word, in these sacred edifices, and in this common union of saints I read this name, *Jehovah-jireh*.

On a certain occasion Amalek came down to fight against Israel. Moses was too old himself to lead the people, so he commissioned Joshua to take his place while he went with Aaron and Hur up the mountain to pray. All day the battle raged; now Amalek, and now Israel prevailed. Soon it was discovered that while the hands of Moses were uplifted Israel was victorious, but when through weariness they hung down Amalek gained ground; so Aaron and Hur stayed up the hands of Moses until Israel won a grand victory and utterly routed Amalek. The Lord then told Moses to write it down in a book for a memorial. "And Moses built an altar and called the name of it *Jehovah-nissi*"—The Lord my banner. That name is the banner over us this hour, and because of it we expect to conquer.

General Sherman was once asked what was necessary for a soldier in order to his success. "Faith in his flag!" was the prompt answer. As soldiers of the Cross, then, we may expect success since we have faith in our banner. Out of the stormy past it has come triumphant; under it

our fathers fought, by it they conquered and have ascended to their reward; under it we fight, and under its hallowed folds the saints of oncoming ages will be marshaled for the last grand struggle with the powers of darkness, and because of its inspirations they shall tread down the latest foe, and sing the song we all so long to hear, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth; let the earth rejoice."

The Midianites were sorely oppressing the children of Israel. An angel of the Lord came to Gideon and commanded him to deliver them. Gideon, deeply sensible of his weakness, asked a sign as an evidence that God would be with him. The sign the Lord was pleased to give was *Jehovah-shalom*, The Lord will give peace. In the strength of that name the three hundred of Gideon's band, armed with lamps and pitchers and trumpets, scattered the hosts of Midian as the leaves are scattered in the wild autumnal storm. That name is ours. Brother, are you unhappy, from any cause, in this hour? Is there trouble in your soul? Are you restless and ill at ease? Here is the remedy, *Jehovah-shalom*, The Lord will give peace. If you take the name you will receive the peace. It will be that perfect peace that floweth like a river, deep and strong and wide, growing rapid and still more rapid in its flow, until at last it finds its home in the ocean of heaven's eternal calm.

To the prophet Ezekiel there was given such a vision of the inner glory of the Church of God as is seldom granted. He gazed not only upon its walls and gates, but beheld the deep joy of its members, until his own soul was filled with an unspeakable glory. When he inquired as to the reason of the joy and the splendor and the power he saw in the Church, God gave him for an answer this name, *Jehovah-shamma*, The Lord is there. The Lord is indeed in his Church to-day, and, girt about with the power of this name, what have we to fear? In all our thoughts concerning the Church let us never forget that our power lies in the name of the Lord. Too many, when asked concerning the condition of the Church, make answer that she is strong because the name of this or that great preacher is on her roll, or because the names of certain wealthy men are on her records. Brethren, these in their place are grand forces, and we may have them all and multiplied a thousand-fold, but unless we have the name *Jehovah-shamma* written on the Church we may well write *Ichabod* upon her walls, for in the Lord *Jehovah* alone is everlasting strength.

Thus far we have taken only an Old Testament view of the name of the Lord. Let us now turn to the New Testament, and, commencing with its very opening chapter, read to the twenty-fifth verse: "Thou shalt call his name *Jesus*, for he shall save his people from their sins." Here, in the light of a new revelation, we have the new name, *Jehovah Jesus*, The

Lord our Saviour. If the name was precious before, what shall we say of it now? Jehovah among the Jews was the unpronounceable name, and because of the majesty and terror connected with it many will not speak it to this day; but in the carrying out of the great Gospel plan, no sooner does Jehovah take the name of Jesus than the terror vanishes, and at once all is inexpressible freedom and love. It was declared that this name should save to the uttermost all who should come unto God by it. That word has not been broken. Peter tried its power upon the lame man at the temple gate. "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk," said he; and the poor cripple leaped and praised the Lord. The apostles employed it in their victorious work; they breathed it over the couch of the sick, and it cooled the fevered brow, strengthened the feeble limb, quieted the nervous fear, and gave triumph over death; they used it as a specific for all the maladies occasioned by sin, and blind eyes were opened, deaf ears were unstopped, dumb tongues were unloosened, and the dead came back to life. The lapse of centuries has not diminished its blessed power. I look over this congregation, and, although I do not know how many unsaved souls are here, yet one thing I do know, that there is not one, although he be as hardened as Saul of Tarsus, or although she be as degraded as the Magdalene, yes, dead in trespasses and sins, whose transgressions may not be taken away or whose soul may not be made pure as an angel's joy through the power of that name which we preach to you. I have seen it lift the drunkard from his wallowing in the mire up to noble Christian manhood, up to fitness for the society of the redeemed before the throne. I have seen it subdue the violent until a spirit whose career has been one of terror to friend and foe alike, and whose presence has been shunned as the pestilence, has become as gentle and as tender as a trusting maiden's. At its sound the war-song has given place to the hallelujah anthem, the shout of derision to the testimony of veneration, and the worship of the obscene idol to that of the true God. Standing up before you a monument of its transforming power, I confidently offer salvation now to all who will believe in this precious, powerful name.

Here, then, is our tower, the name of the Lord. Look at it. Jehovah Jesus, the Lord our Saviour, for the foundation; for its walls, Jehovah-jireh, the Lord will provide; for its weapons of defense, Jehovah-shammah, the Lord is here; for its results, Jehovah-shalom, the Lord will give peace; while over all its broad folds, gracefully shaken by salubrious breezes, I see Jehovah-nissi, the Lord my banner. It is a strong tower, and all who enter here are safe. Here is safety for the tempted Christian. Are there any such before me tempted to lay down by the wayside the

cross of Jesus, and to seek for a time the aid of the trumpet of earthly fame; or to halt at the garden gates of pleasure, longing yet fearing to enter, calling the charmers from the shades of death, and thoughtless of the groups that throng the groves of life; or bewildered at the sight of worldly wealth, whose heart, notwithstanding the professions and occasional skyward yearnings, yet longs for the things that perish? Let me urge you to fly to this strong tower. You have not the strength to battle successfully with these temptations, and unless you have help you will be borne down in the conflict.

There is safety here for you, sinner. You are seeking it from other sources; but outside the name of the Lord there remaineth at the last for you nothing but the bitterest disappointment. You may have pleasure with her passion's blinding spell leading on to beds of roses and bowers of joy; you may have knowledge that will enable you to drink deeply from the streams of classic lore and gather gems from every grotto of the Muses; you may have money, and it may purchase for you the splendid mansion, the costly sofa, purple hangings, and richest fresco, together with all the luxuries of earth; but these will fail you at the last. One rumble of God's chariot wheels, one sober thought of death, or the lightning's barbed arrow, will scatter your defenses to the winds, and leave you pale and haggard and hopeless in the ruins. Here, in the name of the Lord, is our safety. Here let us hide while we sing—

In God I have found a retreat
Where I can securely abide;
No refuge nor rest so complete,
And here I intend to reside.

(Prepared for delivery and preached at the re-opening of the Yonkers First Methodist Episcopal Church, October 20, 1878.)

AN EVENING IN IRELAND.

(A lecture delivered in various places.)

IT was on a stormy Saturday night in the month of May, a few years ago, that a sad-looking company sailed out of Jersey City for "over the sea." It was intensely dark, the rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled dismally through the rigging. Kind friends had followed us to the vessel's side, and with tearful eyes, solemn countenances, and lugubrious speech, had bidden us good-bye. Their manner had led us to think they never again expected to see us in the flesh. This, in connection with the dismal weather, had prevented the overflow of our joy, as well as any exhibition of such ecstatic delight as would be unseemly in such an hour. Our farewells were soon spoken, and then our ponderous ship swung out into the stream and steamed slowly down the bay. Soon we were out of sight of land, with only water on every side and beneath us, and the black storm-cloud rushing madly above us.

An ocean steamer looks like a mammoth concern as it rides at anchor in the harbor, but on the ocean waves it rapidly decreases in its proportions, at least to the eye of the timid voyager, until at last it seems as if it were the merest cork bobbing about with perfect unconcern as to whether it shall float right side up or wrong side down. At such a time the frailty of your defense appears slightly painful. Here comes a young wave, a representative of a young mountain; its green cone is crested with a white plume made by its fury, and as it comes it threatens to overwhelm and sweep all to a watery grave; but the vessel mounts it and seems balanced for a moment on its very summit, and then follows the fearful plunge. You watch its movement as you cling to the rigging, with the thought uppermost, "We are going to the bottom, sure;" but just as you are expecting the very worst, to your astonishment and relief it rights again, and is ready for another roll and another plunge. This not very delightful motion continues until the broad Atlantic is crossed, and the green fields or rocky coasts of the Old World greet your vision.

The first morning that dawned upon the passengers of the Algeria was truly charming. The storm had spent its force during the night; the

clouds, with a few fleecy exceptions, had vanished; the sun shone brightly; the water was agitated just enough to give beauty to every trembling wave; the wind was blowing fresh and strong from the west, and, with every sail set and filled, and with steam puffing, we glided merrily onward over the gay billows at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. At an early hour I took my position on the deck to watch the passengers as they made their appearance, and to ascertain, if possible, something of the character of those who were to be my companions for the nine or ten days of ship-life.

There were eighty-four first-cabin passengers, and while the majority were refined and noble, still, as in all such companies, there were exceptions. By your permission I will introduce a few. First, let me speak of Mrs. Blank, a tall, stately, finely-proportioned lady, dressed rather for the drawing-room than for a filthy ship, who fancies she is the center of attraction for all on board. Her mouth is arranged with as much precision as her dress, and when she articulates you cannot but think that she has been practicing on prunes for a week. She claims relationship with all the dignitaries of the land, talks of her "cousin, Mrs. Judge So-and-So," "my uncle, recently elected to Congress," and "my husband, cashier" of some unheard-of bank down in New Jersey; and, when not engaged with her distinguished relatives, informs us that England is the land of her birth, and waxes eloquent in the proclamation of its virtues, and quite as eloquent in the depreciation of America by reason of the boorishness and corruption of its citizens. She forgets that to the land of her adoption she is indebted for whatever wealth she possesses and the position she occupies, for Mrs. Grundy says that she was a lady's waiting-maid in Birmingham.

Here is exception number two. A lady, the wife of a millionaire, gorgeously attired, and with pennons flying, makes her appearance on the deck just as a few drops of water fall from a passing cloud. Turning to her maid, who is in close attendance, with hands clasped in tragic manner and eyes upturned, she says, "Aw me! Matildaw, you don't tell me it is waining! How very unkind that the God of the weather should treat me thus when I make my first *début*!" And Matilda answers very intelligently, "Yes, so unkind!" I looked at her for a moment and asked myself whether the God of the weather would look upon her with more favor than upon that poorly-clad yet noble-hearted steerage passenger clinging to the smoke-stack for the little warmth that will drive away the chill of the night, and who, yearning for the land of her birth, returns not in the cabin, but in the steerage, not in jeweled sheen, but in the honest robe of poverty.

Here is exception number three. A gentleman, this time, who has

made his money in the land of gold, and is now the proprietor of a hotel in Canada, which, although in size and grandeur not quite equal to the Buckingham or Windsor, yet in his estimation far exceeds either. He exhibits with fond delight a photograph of said hotel, which proves to be a plain two-story country inn, and points out, with great particularity, his own head as it appears in one of the windows through which he peered when the picture was taken. His person is finely decorated with all manner of precious stones variously mounted, from the lapis lazuli to the Australian and Californian diamond. Chief of all his ornaments is a watch, with a case a few sizes smaller than a milk-pan, which he opens and shuts with a sound of sufficient loudness to attract the attention of all. He is traveling abroad with the same grand purpose which actuates hundreds of others: not for purposes of learning or sight-seeing, but rather that he may be able to say, "I have been there." This will be the more apparent to you when I say that he intends returning by the very same steamer. He must be back to witness the Saratoga races, and when we declare that we do not expect to see them his wonder is how any man of sense can forego the pleasure. What to him are all the scenes of the Old World, countries rich in historic interest, the home of men whose eloquence in oratory and song has molded and fashioned the mind of the world? What to him are glimpses of ruined castles piled by Julius Cæsar before the dawn of the Christian era; or fields of strife where battles have been fought and won, where the destiny of nations has been settled, and the boundaries of empires determined; or cathedrals of architectural beauty, such as rise before one, hoar and grand with age; or palaces filled with art, where the eye can revel with untiring gaze, ever discovering some new beauty or drawing fresh draughts of pleasure or of worth from inexhaustible fountains? What are these in comparison to a Saratoga horse-race? "Hurry home, my friend," said I, "or you may fail to witness the development of speed and to lose some of your money on a foolish bet."

One more exception,—Another gentleman, going abroad to complete his studies. He has a knowing look and a patronizing, condescending air. Under his arm is ever a huge volume. His nose is bridged with eyeglasses, and his hair is parted in the middle. And now draw near. He is about to address the captain. We must not lose a word. Socrates, Euripides, Thucydides, stand back and be prepared to cast your laurels at the feet of this intellectual giant of the nineteenth century! "Captain, will you please tell me where we cross the equator in going to Liverpool?" The captain gravely informs him that that imaginary line is not crossed in the North Atlantic. To which he responds, "O, I see now; we go around by Gibraltar, don't we?" On another occasion, as we watch

some sails in the distance he makes bold to address his majesty the captain again. "Captain, where are those vessels going?" "To Liverpool," is the gruff response. "Well, Captain, where are we going?" "To Liverpool." "Then, Captain, why don't we all sail in a straight line, one right behind the other?" The demure and mischievous answer is, "We used to move in that way, but we have had a severe storm this spring, which has washed out all the mile posts, and since that accident we have been obliged to use the compass, and as a result we are scattered."

With these and a few other exceptions our passenger list was made up of genial and kind-hearted men and women. Some of them were Christians, and often on the trackless waste on moonlight nights we would gather about the smoke-stack and mingle our voices with the sonorous bass of ocean's melody in the songs of our common Zion. Sweet was the communion which we had with each other and with our God.

On the second morning out but very few appeared at the breakfast-table, and even these looked pale and haggard. A little food, often the simple odor, seemed to satisfy us, and then there was a hurrying to and fro—principally fro—an anxious looking over the taffrail, and a peering into the blue water with a unanimity that was perfectly wonderful. We soon discovered that an epidemic was raging in our midst; it was seasickness, a disease that seizes one very suddenly. The causes which produce it are so slight that the gentle rise and fall of the vessel has been known to destroy an appetite which was perfectly ravenous only a moment previously, while the sight of another "casting up his accounts" has been known to set a whole company at the most abstruse mathematical calculations of the same character. The disease manifests itself in various forms; for instance, one man will imagine that he is about to lose the top of his head, and with both hands he holds it down; another fancies that the deck is trying to fly up and hit him in the face, and the manner in which he seeks to avoid it is perfectly ridiculous; while another becomes very melancholy, and, imagining that he has lost all his friends, his face grows so long that it might almost admit of the inscription of a funeral notice. The mystery of this sickness is deepened by the fact that no one is found willing to admit that he is its subject. All will confess to consumption, cholera, small-pox, any thing rather than this. Here lies a poor fellow on the deck, weak and apparently helpless; great blue rings are about each eye, his face is ghastly pale, and he is shivering from head to foot. You step up and salute him, "Good morning." "Good morning," is the curt reply. "You are not looking very well to-day. A little sea-sick, I guess." "No, I aint. I am well enough." "Why, you don't seem very spry." "Well, what if I aint? I've got a headache—some-

thing I often have at home. It will pass off soon." In a little while you see him mustering his wasted energies and hitching along toward the vessel's side, and the sickness passes off.

The horrors of such an attack can never be told. Imagine how miserable one must feel when he knows that his friends have forsaken him, when he is ready to swear that his stomach is upside down, when he curses the day in which he thought even of leaving "his own, his native land," when he is so nauseated that the very smell of cooking is horrible; imagine, if you can, the misery of the moment when, in addition to all else, the steward makes his appearance, and, with his clothing saturated with the odors of the galley, leans over him, and asks: "What can I bring this morning that will taste good?" Sing to the poor victim now if you will, "A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep," or, "Gay billow, bright billow," or, "Rocked in the cradle of the deep." It is useless; he is beyond soothing. That steward must leave or be kicked into the midst of the sea.

In two or three days the sickness spends itself. You rally in a manner, at once sudden and wonderful. The appetite you thought "clean gone forever" returns with such power as to awaken the fear that the ship's provisions will fail. Five meals a day are supplied, and you are there every time, and the quantity of food consumed is only measured by your personal capacity. One's condition at such a time reminds me of a little girl, an enormous eater, who lived at the place where I once boarded. Once, after a hearty meal, she laid down her knife and fork and burst into tears. Said her mother, anxiously, "What is the matter?" "O," sobbed the little one, "me feels so bad, 'cause me wants more, but me cannot hold it."

While there are many undesirable and unpleasant things connected with ship life, there are others that are at once interesting and pleasant, and sometimes even grand. A sunset at sea is of the latter class; the glorious king of day slowly disappears beneath the waters, leaving behind him the bright sheen of his beauty long after he has gone from sight, and as this fades away it is followed by auroral flashes that illuminate both water and sky with a brilliance which cannot be described, giving the phosphorescence of the waves an appearance as if of fire. To this must be added the cheering songs of the gallant sailor-boys as they run the sails up and down the masts, the shrill whistle of the boatswain, the majestic iceberg magnificent in the distance, but whose intimate acquaintance you do not care to cultivate, passing and repassing ships; incidents which keep the mind awake and give swiftness to the passage of time. But enough of ship-life.

On the morning of the tenth day we were awakened by the shout of "Land—ho!" and quickly we were dressed and on deck. It was a gorgeous morning; not a cloud darkened the sky; the sun rose up from his eastern chamber bright and beautiful as when first he flashed his light on Eden's happy home. Then for the first we feasted our eyes upon the scenery of the Emerald Isle.

Never in all my history did the grass seem so green, or the foliage so fresh, or the flowers so bright as on that glad morning which told us that our ocean journey was ended and the promised haven was before us. I was looking out upon a country the oldest I had ever seen, a country whose history dates back reliably to five centuries before the Christian era. As I stood upon the deck, gazing and wondering, a multitude of thoughts came rushing upon me. I thought of the changes which had taken place since a record of the fierce tribes was kept; of Ireland's struggle with foes, internal and external; of England's rule and her vain attempts to force herself upon that land; of the mighty geniuses who had sprung from her soil, of Burke and Sheridan, of Emmet and O'Connell, the memory of whose eloquence stirs to this day the Irish heart, whose influence nerves the heart of the oppressed in every land; of Goldsmith and Moore, who rank among the foremost of all the world's sweet poets; of Wellington, the Iron Duke, to whom England is indebted for the victory of Waterloo, one of the grandest of the many victories of which she boasts. I thought also of her religious heroes, and chief among them, Adam Clarke, the cobbler's son, whose exposition of the blessed Word will hand his name down to the latest generation; of those who had distinguished themselves on other lines in our own fair land: of the military prowess and valor of Sherman, whose march to the sea, and of Sheridan, whose ride, with Winchester twenty miles away, did so much toward crushing the Rebellion that for four long and weary years spread consternation and death in our midst; of the legal might and forensic eloquence of Brady and Charles O'Connor, especially the latter, before whose power the most gigantic conspiracy against municipal government was slain and so deeply buried as to be beyond the hope of a resurrection; of the indomitable will and resistless energy of Roach, whose ship-yards on the Delaware are the formidable rivals of Glasgow, and whose floating palaces, more superb and regal in their appointments than Cleopatra's barge, bearing at their mast-head the stars and stripes, are on all our Western waters from China to the Golden Gate, from the Cape of Storms to our own metropolis; of the commercial ability of A. T. Stewart, not only the merchant prince of America, but of the world. I thought also of the debt the American Methodist is under to Ireland. From

her shores came Barbara Heck and Philip Embury and Robert Strawbridge, who laid so deep and broad the foundations of our own denomination that her banner floats to-day beside that of her sisters all over this Western world, from the Plains of Abraham along the line of the St. Lawrence to where the pine tops of Maine bend before the Northern blasts, down through this Grand Republic, to where the orange and magnolia of Florida ever bloom, down where wave the broad palms of the Isthmus, through South America, those empires of the sun where the rivers flow with diamonds and the very sands are mingled with gold, and whose silver mountains glimmer in the moon's pale ray. I thought of the mighty men of God who are to-day holding up the blood-red standard: Simpson, with his heart of fire and his tongue of silver; Crook, with his erudition; McAllister, with spotless character and pulpit power; of the Elliotts and Graydons and Kilpatrick's and Hamiltons, and a younger host, whose names we cannot mention, who are marching on to take the places of the fathers, loyal like them to our flag and to our God. While this rush of thought was mine, my heart swelled with gratitude that I was permitted thus to visit this land so celebrated in history and in song.

From this pleasant reverie I was awakened by the announcement that a tug had arrived to take us up to Queenstown. Twenty or thirty passengers disembarked here, and soon we were off amid the farewells of those who remained on the *Algeria* bound for Liverpool.

Cork Harbor, which we were now entering, is one of the most commodious harbors in the world, capable of sheltering with ease the combined navies of the globe. One of its marked features is its numerous inlets, which project far inland, and yet with a draft of sufficient depth to accommodate the largest vessel. These inlets are lined with the choicest foliage. They each form a secure hiding-place. In one instance, Sir Francis Drake, with the entire British fleet hid away in one of them so safely that although eagerly hunted after for days by the Spanish Armada, he was not found, and so escaped unharmed. The harbor is strongly guarded, by forts on right and left and on islands in the center. The hills on either side slope beautifully down to the water's edge, and at the time of our visit were covered with a green grass carpet, and divided by hedges all in bloom, which gave to the scenery a charm one seldom sees surpassed.

A half-hour's ride of perfect bliss brought us to the Queenstown dock. A short interview with the Custom-House officer, in which we convinced him that we were neither Fenian nor Molly Maguire, nor supplied with pistols or tobacco, and we were permitted to land. The welcome we received will be long remembered. Whole troops of ragged urchins were

there to seize our traveling bags and run, with "Here ye are! Lug your baggage for a penny, sur." Our only resource was to run after them. Every little while some urchin who had failed to get a customer would "pitch into" one who was more successful, and with an effort to wrest it from him would shout, "Arrah, ye spalpeen, didn't the jintleman say I was to have this?" Dogs were yelping, pigs were squealing, carts and donkeys were ready to run against you, old women were there with laces to sell as they told you how handsome you were. Beggars were holding out their hands for charity, with a reply for such as refused as would make them feel decidedly mean; as one did to a gentleman who had made several ineffectual attempts to rid himself of her; at last, losing his patience he told her to go to h—l; whereupon she immediately courtesied and said, "Thank ye, sur; it is the first time ye iver invited me to go wid ye to yer fayther's house." All this and more of the same character is but a perfect description of our reception at Queenstown dock. Nowhere else did we ever find any people half so glad to see us; nowhere else did we receive such marked attention.

Here we took cars for Cork, six miles distant. Our ride was through a lovely country, in the midst of ruined castles, old mansions surrounded by smoothly-shaven lawns, vine-clad cottages, and smiling meadows with fleecy flocks and lowing herds. We found Cork crowded with people. It was the day of the Irish Derby races, and no better time could have been chosen in which to observe the Irish character in all its phases. We took a jaunting car, and were soon on the grounds of the course, and in the midst of the "unterrified." Here marches the trotter fresh from the bog, with corduroy breeches, long hose, huge knee-buckles, heavy brogans, shad-belly coat, once his father's or grandfather's best, stove-pipe hat that has never seen a smoothing-iron, nor ever been stroked except the wrong way; clay pipe, black and fragrant with age, and great shillaleh—"a gintleman of the rale ould stock," animated in his conversation, and betting on his favorite horse. The ladies of this class are arrayed in the same antiquated style, and not remarkable for their beauty. Thus you go up through the various grades of society, until you come to the Earl of Fermoy, President of the Race-Course Association, and owner of all the south of Ireland, a splendid-looking fellow, six feet in his stockings, and well-proportioned, a great favorite with his tenantry, and living in their midst, which is by no means a common thing with men of his class.

Ireland, as most of you know, especially in its middle and southern portions, is divided into immense estates of from five hundred to three thousand acres each. These are sub-divided into farms of from fifty to

one hundred acres, which are rented to farmers at an annual rental of from one to three pounds per acre. The owners live in London or on the Continent, and once or twice in a year either they or their agents collect the rents. If the crops are good the tenants are able to pay their landlords, and at the same time have for themselves a living; but should the crops fail them, as often occurs, they are distressed, their little personal property is sold, and they are ejected from their homes. The money thus collected from the people is carried out of the country, so that, not only does it not benefit those who earn it, but its absence entails, in many instances, both wretchedness and misery upon the Irish people.

It is often an occasion of wonder to the traveler why so many Irishmen are willing to leave their beautiful island home to seek their fortune on this side of the water, since no climate nor country in the world is more beautiful; but a short stay among them tells the story. When you see them toiling hard the year round, just able to eke out a scanty subsistence, with no hope of ever owning a foot of land, and no prospect of any future brighter than that which greets them now, you cannot wonder that they crowd their way to a land where all are free and equal, and where opportunities of usefulness and power are within the grasp of all.

Cork is an old city of about eighty thousand inhabitants, with nothing of peculiar interest in or about it. To me its most attractive object was a great fountain, located in the center of the city, and surmounted by a bronze statue of Father Mathew, the Irish Apostle of Temperance. Father Mathew began the work of preaching and practicing total abstinence in that city in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-eight. So mighty was his eloquence, and so great his power over the people, that in five months after the commencement of his work his converts in the city and county of Cork numbered one hundred and fifty thousand. In the County of Galway he administered the pledge to one hundred thousand people in two days. Nor was his influence confined to his native land. Thousands in England and in America will rise up in the judgment to call him blessed.

From Cork we proceeded to Blarney Castle, seven miles distant. Our ride was along the banks of a beautiful streamlet which winds its way through groves as fine and pasturage as rich as one can well imagine. The origin of this castle is unknown. As far back as it can be traced, its title is vested in the McCarthy family or tribe, one of the most ancient and honorable of the country. In the seventeenth century it was battered down by Oliver Cromwell, and, with its estate of three thousand acres, passed into the hands of Mr. Jeffreys, the ancestor of the present owner. The only complete portion remaining is the tower or prison, and even of

this the roof and floor have long since decayed. The walls of this tower are four feet in thickness, and one hundred and twenty feet in height. Its area inside is sixty feet square. As we came up, an old lady of eighty years of age appeared to admit us to the ruins. An outlay of a shilling upon her procured for us the largest amount of the smoothest flattery we ever heard; our graceful form, regal forehead, classic eye, elastic step, and sweet face were dwelt upon in a style at once gratifying and astonishing. It was well worth the money to have all the graces of one's form and disposition so splendidly, and, of course, so truthfully pointed out.

One hundred and nineteen stone steps led us to the top of the castle. The view was picturesque in the extreme, rather than sublime. The air was loaded with the perfume of sweetest flowers. Our ears were saluted with songs from birds of gayest plumage.

Here we found the celebrated "Blarney Stone," of which it is said that he who kisses it will at once possess such a charming mode of expression that no one will ever be able to resist his appeal. It has been visited and kissed by thousands from all nations, by the great and the small, kissed until it is worn smooth. I kissed it three times, just as the old lady told me to; yet I have failed to reap the promised reward, and my faith in its power is shaken.

The whole castle is covered with ivy and moss, and looks sad and desolate. Where once brave warriors gathered for counsel, for revelry, and for war, the owl, the bat, and the raven have now their habitation. Silent, crumbling stones only are left to mark the chivalric spirit of generations past.

And now we are off for Killarney. Our route is northward as far as the rustic village of Mallow, a quiet watering-place of some note, and then westward toward the coast.

I do not wish you to infer, from anything I may have said during the evening, that the Irish, as a whole, are uncouth or boorish. The ridiculous instances I have mentioned have no reference to the great mass of the people. Nowhere can any people be found with warmer hearts or kindlier spirits, or with a gentility more refined, or with a hospitality more unbounded. Especially is this true of their treatment of an American. That name is a talisman that moves an Irish heart to cast its all at the feet of its possessor.

No people is more shrewd or more quick in its wit. That wit, although sharp, is always kindly, and never meant to wound or offend. As an illustration: We changed cars at Mallow for Killarney. Our compartment was occupied by a lady and gentleman from Baltimore, together with my now sainted wife and myself. Just as we were ready to depart, the door

opened, and a young Irishman, a Mr. L——, woollen-draper from T——, entered, and took his seat directly opposite me. He seemed to be in a talkative mood, and opened a conversation with me about on this wise:—

“Americans?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Going to Killarney?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Ever been there before?”

“No, sir.”

“Would ye like to get a bit of information consarnin’ Killarney?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, then,” and he put his face very close to mine, “there are two ways of sayin’ the place. Ye can take carriage and drive through Mr. Herbert’s estate, and by Castle Ross, and the Torc Waterfall, and the home of O’Connell, and the lower lake, to the Royal Victoria. Or, yees can go through the Gap of Dunloe, and have your boat mate yees at the Brandon Estate, and row down the three lakes of Killarney, and halt ye at the Royal Victoria.”

I interrupted him, and inquired whether we could ride, or whether we would be obliged to walk through the Gap of Dunloe, to which he replied:—

“It’s a jintleman ye are, and it’s axin’ for information ye are, and it’s no mark of a jintleman to be interruptin’ one when he is spakin’ wid ye. Arrah, mind ye, now.”

By this time our party was laughing quite immoderately, which nettled him not a little; but he concealed his pique, went over the description again, and waited for his hour of retaliation. And it came. He took it at the tide, and rode on to fortune.

At the close of the conversation with me, one of the gentlemen, of warmest heart but homeliest countenance, said to him:—

“See here, now! You have bored my friend Abbott long enough. Answer me a few questions.”

“I will.”

“Well, then, there is a certain day in Ireland when the boys are permitted to kiss all the girls under the holly?”

“There is such a day,” was the reply, and then elevating his voice so that all could hear him, but addressing himself to me, he said, “There is such a day, but the jintleman would have to possess a more agreeable countenance than your friend has if any of our girls kissed him.”

A little farther on we halted at a station for a few moments. An old gentleman, plainly clad, with long white hair, and the never-failing shil-

laleh, made his appearance. Our new friend, the draper, sprang out, and kindly greeted him. After a few moments' conversation he again grasped his hand, and bowing nearly to the ground, in a manner so tender and beautifully expressive that I never shall forget it, said, "John, fare thee well." When he was again seated by our side, I said to him:—

"An old friend?"

"Yes, and no," was the reply. "An old servant of my father's, whom we have settled here. I never pass without greeting him."

I thought of the wide difference between that parting and many that we witness here. Here, in all probability, it would have been, "Good bye, old boy; take care of yourself till I see you again!" I am a thorough American in all my tastes, and I want it so understood, but there are many respects in which we may be improved, particularly in the direction of respect for old age. We reverence it too little. I saw a cut in Harper's not long since, that fully illustrated the spirit of "Young America." A little boy of about ten years was represented as visiting his grandpa. On the morning following his arrival, and just after breakfast, the boy drew out a cigar, and began smoking. His grandpa looked on with amazement. The boy then changed his position for an easier one, put up his feet in another chair, took another cigar from his pocket, and, handing it to his grandparent, said, "Have a cigar, sir?" "No," said the old gentleman, somewhat sternly, "I never smoke." Blowing out a fresh cloud of smoke, the youth answered, "That's right, old man, I would advise you never to begin." This, I say, is an illustration of the irreverent spirit of the age. We are too apt to look upon the few grand old patriarchs, who have come down to us from a former generation, whose breasts have been bared and whose arms have been nerved to gain for us the rich inheritance we enjoy, as old fogies, as having outlived their usefulness, and as being in the way. We ought the rather to cheer them by our respect and kindly attentions. They are God's best gifts to us. Let us cherish them as such.

But here we are at Killarney, an old town of seven thousand inhabitants, and seeming to be about one hundred years behind the times. The only buildings of any note are a cathedral and a small factory. The latter I mention, because it is the only institution of the kind in all the south of Ireland. Here is manufactured the famous jewelry known as the "Irish Bog," from a tree called albestoes, found only in the region of the lakes.

The lakes are several miles from the town. We drove immediately out that night, and rested our wearied limbs at the Royal Victoria, which, for cleanliness and comfort, a splendid bill of fare, and prices to match, can-

not be excelled in all Europe. Early morning found us on our way to make the tour of the lakes. A ride of five miles brought us to the cottage of the famous Kate Kearney, who long ago dwelt there. Her reputation for beauty was so great that the people came from far and near to behold it. They came also to drink the poteen which she always kept for her visitors, and which, distilled from a herb which grew in the mountains, was exceedingly palatable. We did not see Kate, who had been a long time dead, but we looked upon her cottage, and beheld the face of her granddaughter, and tasted the poteen, which good judges declared smacked more of sour goat's milk and poor whiskey than of the fragrant herb of the mountain.

Here we left our wagon and entered the Gap of Dunloe, a narrow, gloomy pass through the mountains, which must be traveled either on horse-back or on foot. Its length is five miles. The mountains rise precipitously on either side to the height of fifteen hundred feet, without flower or shrub, and covered only with boulders of mammoth proportions. A little stream of water winds its way through the gap. Its murmuring music is very sweet, since it is the only natural sound which breaks the stillness of that weird, wild place. Here we were besieged by an army of guides with horses to hire for the ride, but as we had decided to walk, we stoutly and successfully resisted them; I say successfully, for every one does not succeed in doing it. They have an exceedingly novel method of compelling one to accede to their terms. Most of their horses kick, and if you refuse to hire one, they back them across the narrow path and leave you to choose between accepting their offer, or running the risk of having your head kicked off. We ran the gauntlet in safety, and with light hearts moved on.

I noticed along the path, ahead of us, several of the natives were stationed at intervals. My wonder was excited as to what their occupation might be. My mind was soon relieved as I heard one of them exclaim, "Wait now till ye hear this cannon!" A flash followed, and then a report like that of a Minie rifle which reverberated among the mountains in clear and distinct tones for many seconds, and then died away. Then, not knowing that our home was in the grand old Highlands of the Hudson, where the thunder of West Point cannon makes echoes which shake the very mountains, and this probably the finest to which we had ever listened, the guide demanded a trifle for the powder. The next one we approached did not, as I expected, fire a salute, but, pulling out an old bugle began to play, "The Wearing of the Green," and then followed a trifle for the music. At about noon we entered the Hawthorn Grove on the Brandon Estate, and soon our eyes were feasting on the beauty of

Killarney's famous waters. They were beautiful. I thought of the Irishman who was once describing them in New York, and who closed his description by declaring that "they were so beautiful that, if ever he was born again he wanted it to be on Killarney's famous waters."

There are three lakes, the first a half mile in length, the second a little larger, and the last about five miles long by two and a half in width, filled with islands, and the most picturesque of the three. We found our boat bearing "the stars and stripes," and manned by four oarsmen dressed in white pants, green jackets, and Scotch caps trimmed with the shamrock. The shamrock is a plant somewhat resembling our clover, and belongs to the insignia of Ireland. A fit emblem it is, for no matter how much it is trodden upon, it thrives ever green. So these people say, "The Irish spirit may be ground beneath the heel of tyranny, but it lives; the time is coming when it will arise, giving to the breeze the green banner of their love with its harp, whose every string shall be entwined with the shamrock, till it shall float from the Causeway to Queenstown."

We were rowed through the upper lake, passed through the narrow outlet into the middle lake, and rounded to under the shadow of a lofty mountain, called the Eagle's Nest, or Paddy Blake's Echo. One of the boatmen arose and cried out, "Paddy, are ye here?" and "Paddy here!" came back again as distinctly as though the voice was there to respond. "Well, Paddy, talk to us then." Soon we heard rolling along the mountain side, words like these, "Here's till the Agle of Ameriky! May the gay bird stretch her broad pinions till they cover the world and let drop a couple of feathers in Old Ireland." This compliment to our patron saint touched our enthusiasm, and we arose and shouted: "Long live the Republic of America!" and back from the sides of those Irish mountains, as if they were proud to respond, came the echo, "Long live the Republic of America!" Then we rang out upon the air three cheers for a happy future for Ireland, and rowed on.

As we shot through the narrow outlet into the broad sheet of water which forms the lower lake, we passed under the old "Weir Bridge of the Danes," erected in the eighth century, when they were the masters of the country. This bridge is composed of stones laid up in solid masonry, and is in a remarkable state of preservation. It is an object of much interest, because for over a thousand years it has been in use, and after so long a time remains serviceable—a relic of the handiwork of a nation, once monarch of the seas and arbiter of empires, and now a fourth-rate power, having only ruined fragments to tell the story of its former greatness.

The first object of attraction in the lower lake is Castle Ross, or rather its ruins, standing on the western shore, a relic of the eleventh century.

This was the last fortress in the country to surrender to Cromwell. Its walls are filled with the shattered fragments of the field-pieces used on the occasion of its surrender. Then next in the order of attractiveness is Muckross Abbey, the most magnificent ruin on the island, also a relic of the eleventh century, whose window-frames and door-ways and crypt cut from solid stone speak of an architecture of which we know but little. Beneath the floor of the Abbey sleep the Irish kings of Munster, upon whose tombs are sculptured their arms and crowns and the deeds for which they were so famous.

From thence we rowed over to Innisfallen, a fairy isle of twenty-five acres, covered with hawthorn-trees then all in bloom and loading the air with sweetest perfume. Here we found the ruins of an old chapel, built in the sixth century, beneath whose altar long ago was discovered the parchment which contained the only reliable history of Ireland ever written. This chapel was built by King O'Toole, and here his ashes await the resurrection call. Through the space once occupied by the roof now towers a yew-tree, said by competent judges to be a thousand years old. It was the first I had ever seen, and with the sight came the memory of Gray's reference to it in his "Elegy written in a Country Church-yard:"

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

One of the happiest days of my life was spent upon the waters and amid the ruins of Killarney, buildings erected long before the land of my birth was discovered, before even the foot of the white man had pressed its virgin soil. When at last I was compelled to turn away forever from the beauty and the charm, it was, as I tramped along, in the words of Moore,

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine;
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to *feel* how fair is mine!

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
And long may light around thee smile,
As soft as on that evening fell
When first I saw thy fairy isle!"

Killarney Lakes, in their rustic, picturesque beauty, exceeded my most sanguine expectations. No ordinary natural scenery can satisfy an

American traveler, since every thing in our own land is on a scale of such grandeur as no other country can boast. Our mighty rivers, the Mississippi, the Columbia and the noble Hudson, are the wonder of the world. Those bodies of water, the Superior, the Huron, the Michigan, the Ontario, and the Erie—we call them lakes—are more vast than even fleets dared navigate in ancient times. Our waterfalls are unrivaled; the thunder of Niagara's awful roar can still the noise of all the cataracts of Europe combined. Our mountains are exceeded only by those of Switzerland. But the Killarney Lakes, with their placid beauty, their picturesque surroundings, their ruined castles and old church-yards, all full of history and romance, cannot fail to fully satisfy the expectations of any who may turn aside to spend a day in their midst.

From thence we proceeded, without stopping, to Dublin. This city, the largest on the island, containing two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, is beautifully located, a few miles from the sea, on the banks of the Liffey. Its origin dates back reliably to the ninth century, although from recent discoveries it is evident that it must have had an existence in the days of Ptolemy. In the ninth century it was under Danish rule; and from that period until its occupation by England under Richard Strong-bow, who died and was buried in 1169, its records contain little else than accounts of a succession of bloody battles. Five times it has been destroyed by fire, and has risen phoenix-like from its ashes each time in greater splendor than before, until to-day it stands as one of the great cities of the empire. Its public buildings are worthy of the place. The Four Courts, an elegant structure of the Corinthian style of architecture, is located on the banks of the Liffey, having a river front of five hundred feet; a large dome surmounts the center, and on its summit is a statue of Moses, supported by figures of Justice and Mercy. Under the dome is the great rotunda; in its center stands a figure of Truth, holding in her hand a huge torch of a thousand gas-jets, flashing a light which irradiates every part of the spacious center. From the rotunda you enter in various courts of the building through four doors. Over each door is some historic emblem. The Court of the Queen's Bench, the Chancery, the Exchequer, and the Common Pleas are held in the four rooms of this immense building; hence its name. Thence we pass over to Trinity College, founded by Pope John XXII., closed up by Henry VIII., and re-opened by Elizabeth, and incorporated as the College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity. Its building with its grounds occupies thirty-two acres; its library contains twenty thousand rare volumes in all languages, and its annual list of students numbers two thousand.

I might detain you here with descriptions of the many monuments of

Dublin, since it is, indeed, a monumental city, and of the Queen's University, the College of Physicians and Surgeons, the Irish Academy of Science, the Agricultural College, the Post-Office, the Exchange Buildings and the Royal Bank. I might speak also of Dublin's two hundred Charity-schools, of her seventy-five churches, Catholic and Protestant, but will pass them all with the single exception of the Cathedral of St. Patrick. This latter building was founded in the earlier centuries. In the eleventh century it was rebuilt in the form of a cross and in great splendor. It has been repaired and enlarged from time to time until its internal appearance is indeed, impressive. Here we saw the very well at which St. Patrick baptized his first convert. Like all the celebrated cathedrals of Europe it is the burial-place of the distinguished dead, and some of its statuary is of the choicest character. Here rest the ashes of Dean Swift, whose Gulliver and the Lilliputians have delighted the children of so many lands, and given him an undying celebrity. The building, with its antiquity and splendor, was to me the more interesting, because of its being the place where this man Swift, great in spite of all his weaknesses, once stood and proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Speaking of preaching, reminds me that in nothing was I more disappointed than in the intellectual strength of the clergy of the old world. I saw some grand men, and listened to some grand sermons. I heard the venerable Guthrie, since gone, who then stood trembling on the banks of the river, with his ear upturned, and waiting for the trumpet soon to call him to the other shore, and Spurgeon, whose might is such that Macdonald says, "The devil fears him more than all the London clergy united;" but these were the exceptions to the rule. Because we have John Hall and William M. Taylor, we must not fancy all their preachers to be of such growth. The average pulpit ability of America exceeds that of any or all the nations of the old world combined. Last, but not least, of the attractions of Dublin comes the celebrated Phoenix Park, containing one thousand seven hundred and fifty acres, beautifully laid out, and having in its center the home of the Lord Lieutenant. The park also contains the finest Zoological Gardens I saw, and over many of its broad acres leap the antelope and gazelle, and hundreds of our more common red deer. But when I speak of parks it must be acknowledged there is nothing which for magic beauty of scenery, walk, or drive can compare with our own Central Park. Even the celebrated Hyde Park of London, with its nobilities, its celebrities, and royalty, is not worthy of comparison with the former, except for the stateliness of its trees.

But Dublin, with all her wealth, her cathedrals, and other public buildings, and her monumental glory, is deficient in industrial and manufac-

turing establishments—one essential element of real prosperity. She has, indeed, a few factories for the production of Irish poplins and silks; but these only furnish employment for about five hundred hands, the merest fraction of the poor of that great city.

And now we are off for Belfast, where we shall find the spirit of industrial enterprise, and witness the hurry and bustle of our American business life. This city contains a population of one hundred and thirty thousand, and is as celebrated for its factories as the rest of Ireland is for its lack of them. It is crowded with merchantmen from all parts of the civilized globe, bartering for and bearing away the finest linens of the world, the product of her soil and industry. Here are but few public buildings. Among these, one of the most prominent is the Wesleyan Methodist College, the only educational institution in Ireland ever built without aid from the Government. It cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, is out of debt, and was paid for by means of funds secured through private subscriptions, and is splendidly endowed. Its grounds contain twenty-five acres; its buildings have accommodations for five hundred students, and when I visited it in 1871 there were three hundred in actual attendance. Its library, which has been but recently started, is but small. It contains, however, one curiosity, which I saw, namely, the family Bible of Dr. Adam Clarke, the notes being written by his own hand while he was recuperating at Brixton in 1790, after a long fit of sickness.

Belfast is emphatically a Protestant city. The first Bible ever printed in Ireland was printed here. The city contains but few monuments, and but little fine statuary; but one little piece of the latter attracted my attention. It was ingeniously carved out of Irish bog oak, and represented a native driving to market a pig, with a string about his leg to prevent his escape: before them was a mile-stone, and on it was cut this sentence: "7 miles to Cork;" the pig was not inclined to go forward very peaceably, for he had walked up to the mile-stone and placed his delicate nostrils against it, and there he had stopped; the man was beating him with his shillaleh, at the same time crying out, "Arrah, now, why will ye be afther raydin' the mile-stone? it is not to Cork ye are goin' at all, at all."

Ireland, with her green fields, her silver streamlets, her sublime mountain scenery, her sunny vales, her magic lakes, her splendid forests, her magnificent cities, and the hoary antiquity of her history, is indeed a grand country. And yet, notwithstanding her beauty, both natural and artificial, and the kindness of her people toward visitors, especially Americans, one is soon impressed that something is wrong with her, for Ireland has never risen to the position she ought to occupy among the nations of the earth. The vast majority of the Irish are kept down, although their

genius is naturally bright enough, if properly developed, to sparkle among the most brilliant stars that gem the literary firmament. Why is this? Under what spell does Ireland rest? What are the forces which keep her down? I answer that they are two. First, the iron hand of English rule which, for over a century in the early period of British sway, reduced her to the condition of a serf. It may be urged that this despotic rule was right, that at that time poverty and oppression were necessary to the maintenance of law and order. Of this I have nothing to say; but the fact stands out plainly that this iron rule depressed and hindered the development of her wealth, her industry, and her brain. Second, another power has held her fast as in chains of adamant—that power which has crushed out the life of more than one nation, which blasts whatever it touches, which has shorn France, Austria, Spain, and Italy of their ancient glory and might, and which seeks just now to lay hold upon the very vitals of our own Government that it may destroy its life—that power which is the sworn foe of civil and religious liberty, which spurns an open Bible, the world's great civilizer, and sneers with priestly malice at freedom of thought, and warps with the blackness of superstitious ignorance the mind of all its disciples. These are the forces against which Ireland has been struggling. Their power, however, is weakening. A brighter day is soon to dawn upon this fair land.

Travelers in South America, in crossing to countries south of the equator, are obliged to cross the Sierra range of the Andes. The weather is so fearfully hot that the passage must be made in the night. Frequently, after a long and weary ascent, as they gain the mountain's summit, their attention is arrested by a constellation of brightest stars in the form of a cross in the southern heavens. By the appearance of the southern cross the skillful guide tells the hour of the night; and often, as the toil-worn traveler gazes, lost in wonder, upon its marvelous beauty, he is startled by the voice of his attendant, crying, "It is past the noon of night, for the cross is bending!" So from "the signs of the times" we are ready to exclaim with reference to the Emerald Isle, "It is past the noon of night, for the cross is bending!" England's rule to-day is kind. The walls of "the Commons" ring with Irish eloquence in the advocacy of her rights, which are rapidly being granted. The cross of Church power and rule is bending. Never in all her history has there been a period in which there was such a universal longing on the part of her children for the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus as at the present. Never has Christianity in its unsullied purity and power made such grand progress. The spirit of Reformation, driven from Highland crag and Lowland heath over the stormy waters of the channel, has gained a firm footing in the north

of Ireland under the influence of that ecclesiastical body which already sways the scepter over the middle and southern portions of the country ; and from thence will spread until it shall have permeated every city and town and valley and mountain fastness ; while to the sound of the Gospel trump, blown by the descendants of the sturdy Cameron, the masses will respond, and under the banner of pure and undefiled religion, keeping step to the music of Jesus' name, march up to that position in the history of the nations which is their lawful right. Flashes of that grand morning already streak the horizon. The grand day of jubilee follows on.

AN ADDRESS.

BY REV. W. P. ABBOTT, D.D.

MR. PRESIDENT: In all ages and lands the unselfish heroism of those who have sacrificed for liberty and loved ones has been the kindling inspiration of eloquence, of poetry, and patriotic fervor. It inspired the muse of Collins in his beautiful ode, "The Sleep of the Brave;" it inflamed the enthusiasm of Chatham, whose favorite theme was the greatness of his country and the glory of her defenders; it evoked the majestic eloquence of Webster, and on Bunker Hill he marshaled the sturdy heroes of seventy-six in glittering array. It has stirred the hearts of those whose ancestors, a hundred years ago, dyed red Wyoming's soil with their life-blood; and from the north and south, the east and west, we have come on pious pilgrimage to this ancestral shrine, and by the tomb of their ashes, under the shadow of the shaft which marks it, we commemorate their struggle and their end.

It may be asked by some, "What means this vast assemblage? And why are Gertrude's sons and daughters gathered here? And why booms the cannon, beats the drum, and sounds the bugle-blast—the grand addresses, too, that quivered on the morning air?" And when we answer that here three hundred fell, among the noblest of the sons of men, we may be told that disasters have occurred on sea and land which in a moment's time have hurried to eternity more souls than the disimprisoned host who soared to heaven from Wyoming's battle-field a hundred years ago, and yet their sad end has secured their name and memory no such testimonial as this. Why should those who perished here, the victims of an ambushade, with not even the glamor of victory over their fierce invader to enfold their deeds with splendor, why should these receive this ceremony, pomp, and gorgeous pageant?

I answer, first, because this event of the nation's history was one of many that helped to steel the heart and nerve the arm of those composing the Continental army in their awful struggle with British servitude and savage fury.

In critical periods of great movements have you noticed how often

Providence has used some passing episode, apparently most trifling, to nerve the heart and stimulate the arm of their defenders, and hasten on the victory? No Roman historian, at the time, thought the crucifixion scene on Calvary worthy of a passing mention; but God has made Golgotha to flame with light, the hated cross the rallying-point of all the nations, and the symbol of their advancing civilizations. The sacred banner of the Moslem was once the red shawl of Mahomet, his scarf in battle and screen in camp to hide the contents of his grand pavilion; but since his death that mantle has been to Islam like Elijah's to Elisha, an inspiration and a power; its light has ever fired the Turkish heart and intensified its bloody zeal. As that banner to the Turks, so Wyoming, red with the blood of July 3, 1778, was to the American army. The sturdy colonists saw, in the tragedy enacted there, their end, if the foe could work his will; and from it came an inspiration inflaming their zeal, increasing their strength, spurring them on against the ranks of British regular, Hessian hireling, and inhuman savage, half clad, half fed, sometimes with frozen, bleeding feet, till at last at Yorktown the lion of the Normans and the cross of St. George went down before their starry banner, and the freedom for which they sighed was won.

But more than this. We are here to-day because these slaughtered victims were our sires. Their record was brief and bloody, but their children need not blush as they peruse it. The storied pages of the past, the voice of oratory, nor poet's moving strain, reveal a brighter glory than that streaming from their faithful lives and tragic death. Demosthenes may talk of those who rushed upon destruction at Marathon, stood unflinchingly at Plataea, and slept in the tombs at Artimissium; Chatham may stir the English heart with recitations of valorous deeds wrought by their armies; Webster, calm, grand, sublime, from "Olympus' loftiest peak," with thunderous eloquence, may laud the heroes of Bunker Hill; but we talk to-day of the heroes of Wyoming, our fathers, who in the purity of their lives, the dauntlessness of their valor, and the costliness of their sacrifice, stand shoulder to shoulder with the grandest warriors who have ever wielded gleaming blade or shouted for the battle.

And yet it is not mine to linger here. The fitting, rich, and elegant eulogies paid their memory this morning by those so honorable of their descendants—Wright, our orator and statesman; the royal Chapman, whose manly utterances have made our hearts to glow; the studious Jenkins, whose research has this day culminated in a historic narrative which will immortalize his name; the classic Dana, just fitted for every sphere in which he has been placed, from where waved his warrior plume at Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo to where he stormed and carried El

Pinal's Pass and entered Mexico, down to the more recent struggle, crushing rebellion, where he exchanged the eagle for the star—as gifted at the bar as on the field, while from the bench he comes with his judicial ermine pure. These have paid the richest tribute to ancestral worth. Be it mine to dwell upon the fruitage of their toil.

Mr. President: From the beginning humanity has reached the highest conditions of civilization only through ordeals most terrific. Indeed, the law of all advance in civilization, morals and religion is this, "Through much tribulation." Perhaps, standing where I do, so near the anniversary of our nation's birth, it may not be inappropriate to illustrate this thought by referring to her struggles past. We look out over our fair heritage, extending, says the lamented Duncan, from where God's perpetual bow of peace glorifies Niagara's cliff, to our southern sea-girt line, where divine blessing makes it seem an Eden of beauty and perfection; from Plymouth Rock, where the Eastern song of the sea begins its morning music, to the far-off Pacific, where the tides murmur an evening benediction upon our beloved land as they roll out 'neath the setting sun—a vast territory, twenty-six hundred miles in length, and twenty-four hundred miles in width, possessing every variety of climate from polar snows to tropic heats, and in it all we glory. We look upon our government, founded by men like Washington and Jefferson; developed and preserved by those like Clay, with his electric fire and impassioned eloquence; the clear, terse, logical Calhoun, who, Tell-like, always cleft the apple with the darts of his well-filled quiver; and honest Lincoln, who, while securing the interests of one race, redeemed another—all greater statesmen than Greece or Rome could boast of even in their palmiest days; and of this government we are proud.

We look at its resources, from the anthracite and iron of our old Keystone State to Western rivers whose sands are mingled with gold, and to Western mountains so tintured with silver that they glimmer in the moon's pale ray, and to Western prairies, the world's harvest field and granary; at the inventive genius of its inhabitants, made manifest in machinery for steam, driving the leviathan of the briny deep, and palaces more gorgeous than Cleopatra's barge on all our inland waters, making iron-horses to chase each other wildly throughout all our borders, and in every form of wonder, from that which captures the fiery lightning's flash to the imprisonment of sound and articulations of the phonograph. We look upon our educational system interwoven with the life of our republic; our Churches, smoking altars where the incense of the nation rises unto God both day and night; our open Bible, the palladium of our liberty; over forty millions of population, who, in spite of agitation caused by

demagogues, were never, for a generation past, as united under, nor allied as firmly to, our Constitution as to-day—neither Toombs nor Davis giving utterance to Southern thought just now, but rather Key and Stephens, who talk of loyalty to law and government in tones the most assuring. And as all this, the vastness of our territory, the stability of our government, the greatness of our resources, the splendor of our institutions, our scholarship and religious freedom, together with the world-wide respect our flag commands—as all this passes before our vision we sing;

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee we sing;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

But let us ask a question here. From whence all this? Was this Eldorado, looming up between the seas, all green and golden amid the dashing billows, the acme of perfection both in territory and government—was this the home our fathers found when first they breasted ocean fury in search for freedom? We answer, No.

'To-morrow, I am told, will witness—passing through the streets of Wilkesbarre, marshaled and led by one of her truest sons, the noble Stanley Woodward—a grand procession, symbolic of all interests connected with Wyoming's history from the beginning. Let me antedate that panorama with another, if less interesting, only because less graphically portrayed, but showing some scenes through which this nation has passed on her way to the position she occupies this hour.

Time, the tireless weaver, has been taking into his great loom the hours, the days, the weeks, and the months of storied past, and from them throwing off the product in all the years which mark our history, all of them eventful; and yet, as one star differeth from another star in glory, so the years of our history have differed. Some stand out with sublime distinctness, like lofty mountain peaks, and from their summits we behold a landscape fraught with intensest interest to all before me. Let us scale a few, and from their brow watch this nation in its onward march. We are standing now on 1620, and, looking eastward, we behold a band of men, the purest sifted from European ignorance and bondage, embarking at Delft Haven, and from that Netherland harbor glides the Mayflower, freighted with principles as well as souls immortal—principles which have struggled hard with eastern tyranny and have been driven out to waken

echoes from a bleak New England shore, to rise above the surging main and howling tempest of a northern winter, to thrive amid the perils of most fierce disease and fiercer savage foes till at last they culminate in liberty, civil and religious. And now ascend another peak. It is 1776. The little one has become a thousand. Out of that feeble New England colony, and other sisters of similar weakness, a host three million strong arises along the Atlantic sea-board. But the oppressor's hand rests heavily upon them. Taxation grinds out hatred to the mother country, and rude soldiery inflame the rankling fury of their wrath, until at last at Philadelphia the declaration to the world is made that these American colonies are free and independent. For six long years the suffering colonists waged a fearful contest against tremendous odds, until at last the freedom comes. Through fire and blood, through battle and death, America is exalted a long way up toward the goal of a perfect civilization.

And now another mountain let us climb. It is that of 1861. For eighty years America had flamed up along the path of national greatness as no other country ever had. But a cloud was looming up in her sky. At first it was no bigger than a man's hand; it kept increasing, and the muttering thunder of its fury was often heard. Through compromise it would decrease for a little time, yet only to enlarge again, assuming each time greater dimensions than before. It was the gathering storm of the rebellion, generated by human bondage. At last it came. Battle fires were lighted over our plains and along our rivers, cannon mouthed their notes of death, musket answered musket, steel clashed with steel, and patriot and rebel fell together in a common grave.

Four years the contest raged, until at length the stain upon our otherwise fair history was washed away with blood, and up from the conflict this republic marched, bearing aloft the same banner that had waved in triumph at Yorktown years before, with not a stripe erased nor star eclipsed, while from the bending pine-tops of our northern boundary to where the orange and magnolia of Florida are blooming, from stern New England's coast to broad Columbia's flowery slopes, naught then was heard, nor is there now, but one grand shout of universal liberty.

From whence this heritage, in extent so vast, in government so benign, in resource so rich, and in population so happy? We answer, Out of tribulation. Her robes are pure indeed, but she has washed them in the blood of fathers, sons, and brothers.

What is true as to furnaces of trial through which this nation has been compelled to pass in order to see the splendid spectacle she exhibits to the world to-day is true of Wyoming Valley. Pause here a moment, and survey the beauty of this far-famed vale. All around it, as if for walls of

strong defense, rise mountains, modest allies of the Alleghenies, from whose summit their distant peaks are visible. Its territory, twenty miles in length, from four to five in width, is that of fertile uplands and rich alluvial flats. Over all its fields the ripening harvests wave, or else the yellow glebe bespeaks them gathered, while through it winds the Susquehanna, with waters pure and limpid as those that gladdened Eden when earth was pure and God walked and talked with man. Its silvery rippling waves, flowing between the floral borders, on march to distant sea, murmur more distinctly now as if anxious that their music shall swell the chorus of mellifluous host who, by their side, in sweetest song recite this day Wyoming's trials and her triumphs. Here rise a line of villages from Exeter, still keeping watch and ward over northern entrance, to Pittston, divided by the stream, on one side lovely as a poet's dream, and on the other bearing marks of industry and rich reward; next comes Wyoming and Old Forty Fort, the theater of the awful tragedy we now commemorate; and Plainsville, the home of men whose names and deeds add luster to our history; then Parsons, named for one whose veins are charged with purest blood of cultured Whittier; and Kingston, who sent her sires and noblest sons to do and die for liberty, now graced by noble seminary, founded by that classic herald of the cross, honored Reuben Nelson, an institution bearing valley name, and from whose halls such men have come as gallant Harry Hoyt, whose unsullied honor and brilliant record, both as warrior and jurist, have made him one of Pennsylvania's favorites, and will make him Pennsylvania's ruler; and Plymouth next, who by the talent of her offspring now graces the legislative halls of Harrisburg and Washington, while Nanticoke still watches Southern Pass. In the midst of all a beauteous queen arises; her throne is one of splendor, her robes of gold and purple are from the loom where industry and love both weave; her crown is set with gems, not plucked from others by war's rude hand, but from her own deep mines they came, polished by subterranean lapidaries in the dense darkness of her hills. Beneath her sceptered hand no sullen subject toils, but cheerful vassals sing and serve. Her offspring are of classic taste and manly courage, and of hospitality unbounded. In all her disposition we see the heroism of brave Wilkes combined with the generous nobility of æsthetic Barre, and, thrilled with admiration for her worth, we bow down and worship with the prayer that, while over her the blue sky scatters sunshine and distils the dew, while streamlets murmur down her wood-capped mountains, and sparkling Susquehanna lingers at her feet, and her founders' deeds are an inspiration both to acts of charity and deeds of valor, Wilkesbarre may shine on, Wyoming's Queen, the empress of this lovely vale.

As all the beauty of this charming valley, so rich and varied, her soil prolific, her mineral wealth unbounded, a native population intelligent, with art and science facilitating their advance, annihilating distance, promoting ease in travel, speeding on their thoughts—as all this lies spread out before us, we ask from whence it came; has it fallen downward from the throne of God, or upward leaped from the soft green sward? Is this rich inheritance the accident of a single hour? We answer, No.

Not through glory's myrtle arches,
Nor by grand triumphal marches:
But by a pathway sad and dreary,
And with footsteps worn and weary,

Wyoming has reached the proud and coveted honor she so modestly wears to-night.

Mr. President: I wish I had the ability to do better the task I have undertaken, to present a picture of these peaceful homes and God-like blessings so that all might more fully appreciate their worth. Mark Antony, when called upon to recite the tale of Cæsar's wrongs and tragic fate, felt himself alone unequal to the task, and so he held up before the eyes of Rome the rent and blood-stained mantle of the conqueror. "Look!" said he: "In this place ran Cassius' dagger through. Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed, and as he plucked the cursed steel away, mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it." Mr. President: As keenly as I feel my inability to do the work I have undertaken, I should be more embarrassed still if left to naked fact, or alone to the resources of my own imagination. But I have other help. No blood-stained garment worn by some sturdy hero of the past is mine to wave before you, but the place, the theater where strong foes grappled and a tragedy was wrought among the bloodiest of the world, is here. To this I point.

Here came the Eastern settlers—here they halted. Here, amid the stillness of forest wilds, its poverty and fear, they found a home. At first the days were dark. The War for Independence demanded their strong men, and they freely gave them. The Pennsylvania claimants sought to drive them from their hard-earned substance; and so, amid alternations of hope and fear, they came to the opening of 1778. That gifted orator and polished writer, whose life for years was one of toil for the development of his valley home, a man loyal to every trust, no matter whether felling forest timber, making maple sugar, rafting down the Lehigh and the Delaware the anthracite in which he had such faith, issuing from editorial desk the sayings of Poor Robert, representing his adopted country in the Legislature of the State, writing the history of

Wyoming, or standing by the side of men like Clay and Webster—his warm personal friends—pleading for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; and at the last, when bending beneath the weight of four-score years and four, beholding in the Emancipation Proclamation the harvest whose seed he helped to scatter, shouted as the angel host stood waiting to convey him home: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation"—Charles Miner thus paints Wyoming in its opening in 1778.

The first bright beams of a January sun lighted a scene at Wyoming of white, cold, yet placid beauty. Hill and dale were clad in virgin snow; the smoke rose curling to the skies from a hundred cottages; barns surrounded with stacks of wheat showed that the staff of life was abundant. Cattle and sheep, sheltered in rude sheds, sleek and thriving, gave evidence that they shared in the superabounding plenty of those fertile plains; the deeped-mouthed watch-dog barked fiercely at the passing sled drawn by a span of smart horses with jingling bells, and filled with merry boys and girls going to some wedding or quilting party. The flail sounded on the threshing-floor. The flax-break and hatchell were in active requisition. The spinning-wheel buzzed its round, while the shuttle sped in its rapid flight. How peaceful and how quiet then! Yet it was only like the calm which precedes the fearful storm.

A few brief months are past, and the strife begins. At Exeter blows among the first are struck by savage foes, and as they pluck the cursed steel away, see how the blood of Harding and of Hadsell flows. And there is Forty Fort, the place of gathering when signal gun was sounded. We see it filled with terror-stricken wives and mothers, and brave men both venerable and young. The war council is at an end; the demand for unconditional surrender refused; the resolution passed to fight, if need be to die, but to surrender, never. And out they marched, that brave three hundred, to find a new Thermopylæ. Farewells are spoken, kisses waved by manly hands from lips never again to breathe the sainted name of wife and mother. Yet not there upon the open field is all the suffering of the day; within the fort is anguish terrible. Here is the recent bride, her blushing beauty changed to ashy paleness, for every rifle's crack and savage yell seem but the death-knell of her love. And there I see the aged mother, listening for notes of victory and returning footsteps, to greet her hearing nevermore. Here smiles unconscious infancy, and wondering childhood prattles and lisps forth questions concerning absent father, which pierce the heart of mother like the steel of bayonet and glittering sword.

But hark! Yonder the rolling drum, the fife's shrill notes, the rattling

musketry all speak the opening of the fray. At first the enemy retires, but soon that Spartan band awake to the fact that they are dupes of Indian cunning, and panic seizes them. All around there rise a demon host. "No quarter for damned Yankees!" is their cry. Scalping knife and tomahawk are dripping with their life's stream. Multilated, dead, and dying strew the ground. Gray-haired sire and manly youth are alike disfigured beyond the recognition of the penetrating eye of love. Pillage and conflagration follow; the sky is lurid with the light of burning harvests and homes; the air is hot with flames. Humanity and mercy hide their face; fiends have an hour of triumph. This, this is but the carnival of Hell.

Yonder sleeps Monocacy—How like an emerald gem it rises now above the limpid water! Then it was a scene of fratricidal murder and barbaric deeds. And there is Queen Esther's bloody work. The grass and flowers coquet so gayly with each other as this day's summer breeze bestirs them; then a spirit damned in awful fury dashed down with war club the captured heroes of the hour. And other scenes, are here, all speaking of unrest, of toil and fearful sacrifice; and up from these and out of fire and blood and death this fair Arcadia we call Wyoming has come to us.

We stand to-day where our fathers did a hundred years ago, but how great the change! They fought for liberty and a brighter future: we bask in the noontide splendor of their brightest anticipations. Like Moses on shining Pisgah they looked forward to a rich inheritance: we have entered in; the corn, the wine, the oil are ours. Theirs was the song of the sower treading in the furrow; ours is the jubilee of the reaper, with the music of the waving harvest in his hearing. They looked onward, with expectant gaze, to future blessings; we look backward over the winding path of destiny, at Red Seas and Jordans whose obedient waters parted at their coming, showing that naught can hinder the onward march of those who step to the drum-beat of Providence. One hundred years ago! why, every circumstance then was but a prophecy whose grand fulfillment is unrolled before us on this festal day. The wood fire on old andirons, around which the fathers gathered for rest and social cheer, was but a symbol of that now glowing from diamonds black, long buried 'neath our feet, but at last discovered and made to burn, by Fell; enriching those who followed, and populating the valley till the tread of dusky workmen and the hum of busy industry have forever disturbed its pastoral quiet. The rude log-huts in which the fathers dwelt, were only types of architecture that rise in palace grandeur on every side. The monthly periodical, which they so gladly hailed from Hartford home, was but the harbinger

of the thousand dailies, all flying like the wind, and welcome messengers at every door. The lumbering stage-coach, with its weekly round, was a herald of the locomotive, which, with long white plume and startling scream, now climbs our splendid heights, while in his train we see the mirrored palace, divesting travel of its weariness. While the postman's horn so sweet and clear, rising from the plains below, and upward leaping from crag to crag, from mountain peak to mountain peak, rousing from his lair the deer, and from his aerie the eagle, was only trumpeting the harnessed lightning's fame, to-day sweeping the chariot of our thoughts over the black wires yonder, the highway o'er which it dashes.

The noble dead whose deeds we this day celebrate were but the advance guard of a mightier host, their children's children and descendants, mustered into service for this day's willing march from forum, bench and bar, from sacred desk and physician's noble toil, from honest yeoman's home and the halls of education, from merchant's counter and from banker's desk, from editor's chair, from high rank in army and where the navy floats, from all the walks of busy, honorable life; and at their head I see the children of the joint commanders of Wyoming's army a hundred years ago—Steuben Butler, son of gallant Zebulon, highly honored this day, not alone because of royal parentage, but for his own intrinsic worth; with long and spotless life and venerable form he stands before us now, the embodiment of all that is good and true: and Sarah Denison Abbott, daughter of the chivalric Nathan Denison; with saintly spirit, generous heart, and character symmetrical, she seems as graceful now at fourscore years and six as when she bloomed in lovely maidenhood. Following these we have come to this sacred place to drop our tribute of respect upon the tomb of those who died for home and liberty.

But I must not linger; and yet before I close I would like to impress one thought upon the hearts of all who hear me. Perhaps I can the more successfully do this by asking a single question. On what depends the perpetuity of our national life and its attendant blessings, the fruit of our fathers' toil and blood? On wealth? No, for governments whose wealth was equal to that of "Ormuz and of Ind" now only live in history and in song. On territorial acquisitions? No, for Rome once thought this necessary to the preservation of her life, and under Julius Cæsar her eagles flew through Asia, swelled the Rhine with German blood, pursued the shattered army of poor Pompey into Africa, and made all the rivers of the Adriatic to roll along the sound of their victories; yet Roman glory paled before the Goths and Vandals. On military prowess, vast armies, and brave chieftains? No! No man more thoroughly respects the army; from our grand commander, Sherman, to the humblest

private in the ranks, I revere them all. But when I find that, notwithstanding the brazen-clad hosts of Philip and the mailed warriors of Xerxes, both Macedon and Persia have only fragments of ruined grandeur left, my faith in military power to preserve the nation is shaken. Nor can we hope for governmental perpetuity from far-sighted statesmanship, for Greece gave birth to Lycurgus and Pericles, to Solon and Socrates, and others whose wisdom, purity, and eloquence have ever been the admiration of the world; but Greece is now the tributary of a stronger power. Nor yet on intelligence may we depend. I know that knowledge is a balm for poverty and sometimes its cure; a solace also in adversity, often drawing its envenomed sting; a critic of legislation, often probing to the death unjust exactments; a bulwark against crime, and a help to its abatement; and because of this we glory in our free-school system, which tends to the generation and diffusion of this knowledge. Yet not on this alone may we hope for the future of our country. The word of God is the cornerstone and its teachings the frame-work of this republican temple, dedicated to civil and religious liberty; and as we hope for life to this must we cling. Our Bibles, not our statute-book; our altars, not our armies, are the deep, strong, and lasting sources of our national prosperity. All the blessings resulting from a proper use of wealth, Christian statesmanship, territorial grandeur, an enlightened, intelligent civilization, spring from this fountain. Remove this book and its influence from our midst, and the darkness of the Middle Ages—the darkness which covered France during “the Reign of Terror” like a pall—will settle down upon our nation. If we desire that our land shall furnish to the novelist, the orator, and the painter the wild romantic scenery of war, the march of glittering armies and the revelry of the camp; if we desire that anarchy and confusion shall take the place of law and order; that jealousy and selfishness, hatred and revenge, shall have full and unlimited sway in our midst, then let us ignore the truths and influences of the precious word of God. But if we desire the blessings of the present time to be perpetuated, to transmit the fair heritage that cost our fathers sacrifice and blood to our posterity; if we desire a record, as a nation, such as shall honor God and bless mankind—a record whose smile might play upon an angel’s face, and whose tears would not stain an angel’s cheek—then let us cling to the Bible with a scholar’s enthusiasm, a Christian’s hope, and a patriot’s love.

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